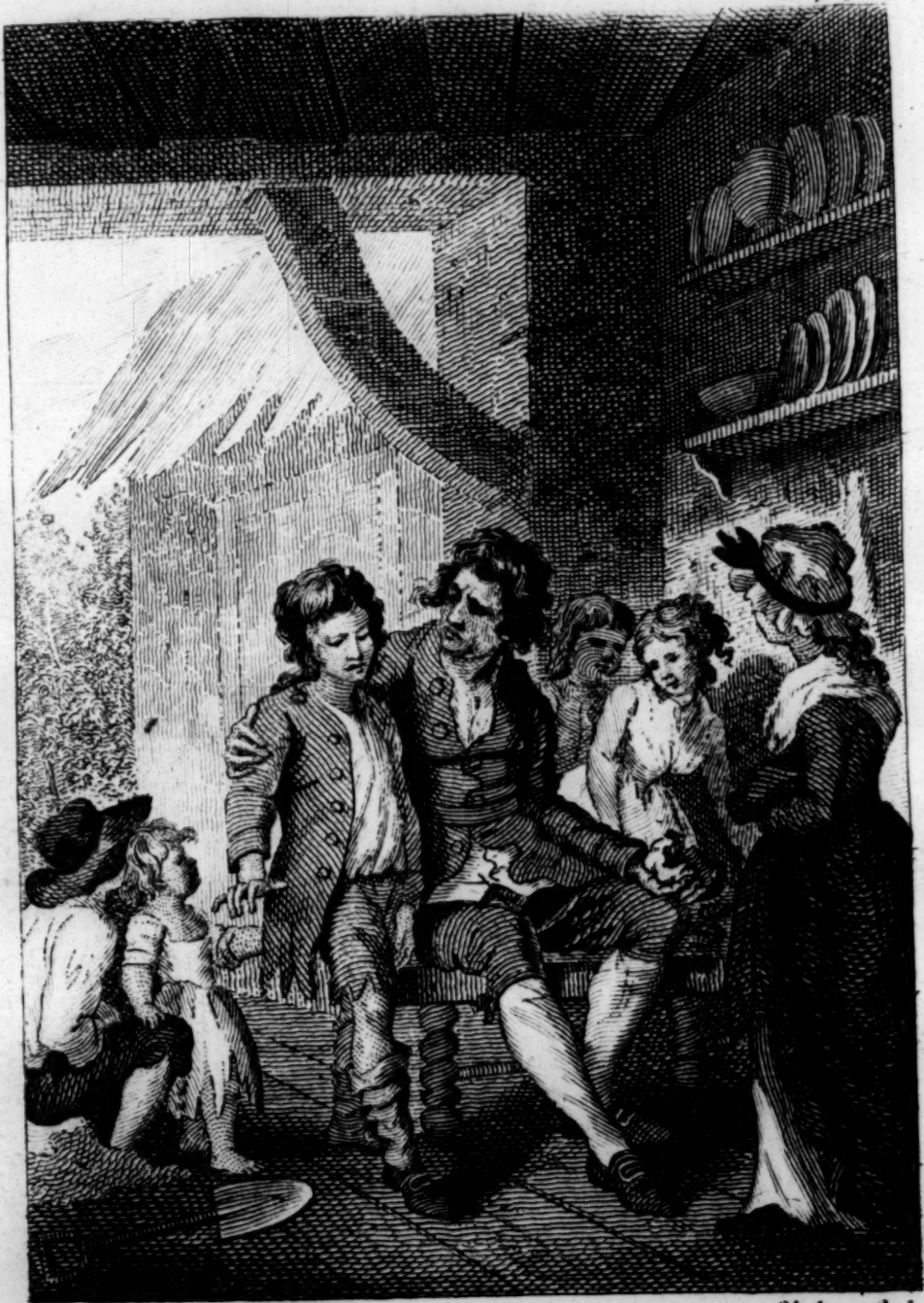


FRONTISPIECE.

See page 1.



M. Brown del.

Skelton sculp.

Published as the Act directs, Aug.^r 25. 1787. by John Stockdale. Piccadilly.

SELECT STORIES

FOR THE

Instruction and Entertainment

OF

CHILDREN,

From the FRENCH of M. BERQUIN.

Embellished with Four Copper-plates.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. STOCKDALE, Piccadilly; J. RIVINGTON and
Sons, St. Paul's Church Yard; B. LAW, Ave-Maria-Lane;
J. JOHNSON, St. Paul's Church Yard; C. DILLY,
Poultry; J. MURRAY, Fleet-Street;
J. SEWELL, Cornhill; and W.
CREECH, Edinburgh.

MDCCLXXXVII.

[Price 3s. bound.]



To Mr. R A I K E S,

The first Promoter of Public Sunday Schools,

An Institution so laudable as to its Motives, and which
promises such signal Advantages to the Nation,

By inculcating to the Rising Generation those
early Principles of Religion, which
are the only solid Basis of Pub-
lic and Private Good,

THIS WORK IS INSCRIBED BY

HIS MOST HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

25th August,
1787.

P R E F A C E.

AMONGST the improvements which moral philosophy has received in the present age, may justly be reckoned the attention that is every where paid to the improvement of the rising generation. The state of childhood, so obnoxious to every danger, so strongly requiring, nay so loudly calling for, the aid of manhood, as much with regard to mental improvement, as to bodily preservation, has for the most part been treated with slight regard by the philosopher or the man of letters. Some few have deigned to give the world their thoughts upon

the proper education of children, and the sort of books that should be put into their hands at an early period of life; but scarce one, *vel duo, vel nemo*, has descended to be the composer of them. Hence, that age which required the most delicate and assiduous nurture that could be administered to its expanding faculties, was left in this respect totally abandoned to the mercy of *ill taste*; nor was there, a very short time ago, as both Mr. Berquin and the sensible author of SANDFORD & MERTON * pathetically complain, a single book, suited to the capacities of very young children, that could with propriety be put into their hands, as affording them at once a fund of improvement and amusement. The former

* The History of Sandford and Merton, 2 vols. 6s. 6d. bound.

was indeed out of the question. As to those books that were written for the amusement of children, or at least put into their hands as if they had been professedly so, they were in general a continuation of those improbable absurdities which they had received by oral communication from the nurse, under the name of *stories*; and the first rudiments of learning, which in its perfect state should polish and enlighten the man, have commonly been calculated to render the child romantic, dastardly, or superstitious. Ghosts, witches, wishing-caps, and such extravagant machinery, carried the tender imagination of the child far beyond the bounds of nature, while the manners and sentiments of the principal personages were so many delusive lights to mislead them in the regions of the moral

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P R E F A C E.

ral world. Hence arose that ignorant sheepishness, that absence in the midst of the surrounding scene, which has accompanied many a bookish boy or youth, very long in life, notwithstanding his proficiency in the dead languages. Hence those romantic notions, which, when early combined with the workings of an ardent imagination, have produced strange effects in society. But, in fine, were compositions of the species above described even said to be innocent in their tendency and effects, they must be allowed to contain such matter for the perusal of the child, as, when a man, he should learn to despise. This alone was at all times a sufficient reason for exploding them, but the evil arising from their use remained till very lately without a remedy. It was not until within these thirty or forty years

years that men of genius or abilities exerted themselves to the laudable end of writing peculiarly for the use and entertainment of children. Among many performances of merit which have appeared since that period, none has risen to a juster degree of celebrity than that from which the following selection is made. To the honour of Mr. Berquin's taste it may be said, that he has united simple elegance with interesting variety, but rigidly separated both from the slightest approach of whatever is vulgar or puerile; a merit much more easily praised than imitated. The art of amusing children, whilst at the same time the infant *genius is raised and the heart mended*, appears from his works to be no contemptible effort of the mind. Wherever, therefore, the utility of such an undertaking

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ing is acknowledged, the reputation of Mr. Berquin must ever be held in deserved esteem.

As the writings, however, of this gentleman, though reduced by the London publisher to the most commodious bulk and the most moderate price possible, may be thought too voluminous by some, and that a judicious selection from them may considerably promote the end which the author had in view, by lessening the expence of the purchase, and, consequently, extending the sale of his best pieces ; such a selection has been attempted in the following sheets, in which, while regard was had to variety, the superior merit of each piece has entitled it to priority of admission. And happily such is the agreeable verfatility of Mr. Berquin's style and genius,

nus, that it would be difficult to pronounce in what department he excels; whether in the lively or the pathetic; the simple language of narrative, or the animated point of conversation; whether in shrewd remarks upon private life, or in florid description of the beauties of nature.

Pieces, therefore, of every various excellence that is to be found in the writings of Mr. Berquin, compose the following volume, which, the publisher presumes to hope, will be thought a valuable substitute (where such may be preferred) to the larger and more extensive works of the same author.

While the present publication, however, is recommended to the notice of those who consult cheapness and commodiousness, it is by no means intended to derogate from the applause with
which

which *all* Mr. Berquin's works have been received.* Of them, in general, it may be pronounced, that until something appears upon a more perfect plan and better executed, which we can hardly expect, there are no compositions more deserving of the first place in the *libraries of children*.

* The Editor of this book thinks that the gentlemen who so laudably promote Sunday Schools, cannot introduce a book better calculated for that valuable institution than M. Berquin's work, entitled *The Children's Friend*, complete in 4 vols. (price ONLY eight shillings) —suppose only two sets to each school. The Editor is convinced that the advantages will be great.

SELECT STORIES.

A R T H U R.

A Poor labourer, of the name of Bernard, had six young children, and found himself much at a loss to maintain them. As an addition to his misfortune, the season happened to be unfavorable, and consequently bread much dearer than the year before. Bernard worked day and night, yet in spite of his labours could not possibly earn money enough to provide food (even of the most indifferent sort) for six hungry children. He was reduced to extremity. Calling therefore one day his little family together, with tears in his eyes he said to them, My dear children, bread is risen so dear that with all my labour I

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am not able to earn sufficient for your subsistence. You see how I am circumstanced. This piece of bread in my hand must be paid for with the wages of my whole day's labour, and therefore you must be content to share with me the little that I have been able to earn. There certainly will not be sufficient to satisfy you all; but at least there will be enough to prevent your perishing with hunger. The poor man could say no more: he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and wept. His children wept also, and each one said within himself, O Lord, come to our assistance, unfortunate infants that we are! Help our dear father, and suffer us not to perish for want! Bernard divided the bread into seven equal shares: he kept one for himself, and distributed the rest amongst his children. But one of them, named Arthur, refused to take his portion, and said, I cannot eat any thing, father; I find myself sick. Do you take my part, or divide it amongst the rest. My poor child! what is the matter with thee!

thee ! said Bernard, taking him up in his arms. I am sick, answered Arthur ; very sick. I would go to bed. Bernard carried him to bed, and the next morning, overwhelmed with sorrow, he went to a physician, and besought him for charity to come and see his sick child, and to assist him. The physician, who was a man of great humanity, went to Bernard's house, though he was very sure of not being paid for his visits. He approached Arthur's bed, felt his pulse, but could not thereby discover any symptom of illness. He found him, however, very weak, and, in order to raise his spirits, was going to prescribe a cordial draught ; but Arthur said, Do not order any thing for me, sir ! I could take nothing that you should prescribe for me.

Physician. Could not take it ! why not, pray ?

Arthur. Do not ask me, sir : it is not in my power to tell you.

Phys. What hinders thee, child ? Thou

seemest to me to be an obstinate little boy.

Arth. I assure you, doctor, it is not from obstinacy.

Phys. It may be so: however, I shall not press you; but I will go and ask the reason from your father, who will perhaps not be so mysterious.

Arth. Ah! I beseech you, do not let my father know any thing of it.

Phys. Thou art a very unaccountable child! but I must certainly acquaint your father with this, since you will not confess the truth.

Arth. O dear! by no means, sir: I will rather explain every thing to you myself. But first I beg that my brothers and sisters may quit the room.

The physician ordered the children to withdraw, and then Arthur continued: Alas! sir, in this hard season, my father can scarcely earn us every day a loaf of coarse bread. He divides it amongst us. Each of us can have but a small part, and
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he will hardly take any for himself. It makes me unhappy to see my little brothers and sisters suffer hunger. I am the eldest, and have more strength than they: I like better, therefore, not to eat any, that they may divide my share amongst them. This is the reason why I pretended that I was sick, and could not eat; but I entreat you not to let my father know this!

The physician wiped his eyes, and said, But, my dear little friend, art thou not hungry?

Arth. Yes, sir, I am hungry, sure enough; but that does not give me so much pain as to see my family suffer.

Phys. But you will soon die if you take no nourishment.

Arth. I am sensible of that; but I shall die contented. My father will have one mouth less to feed; and when I shall be with God, I will pray him to give bread to my little brothers and sisters.

The humane physician was melted with pity and admiration on hearing the generous

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The humane physician was melted with pity and admiration on hearing the generous

child speak thus. Taking him up in his arms, he clasped him to his heart, and said, No, my dear little friend, thou shalt not die ! God, who is the father of us all, will take care of thee and of thy family. Return him thanks that he hath led me hither. I shall come back very soon. He hastened therefore to his own house, and ordering one of his servants to take a quantity of provisions of all sorts, returned with him immediately to Arthur and his famished little brothers. He made them all sit down at table, and eat heartily, until they were satisfied. It was a delightful sight for the good physician, to behold the joy of those innocent creatures. On his departure, he bid Arthur not to be under any concern, for that he would provide for their necessities ; which promise he faithfully observed, and furnished them every day with a plentiful subsistence. Other charitable persons also, to whom he related the circumstance, imitated his generosity. Some sent them provisions, some money, and others clothes and linen,

linen, infomuch that very few days passed before this little family had more of every thing than was sufficient for their wants.

As soon as Bernard's landlord was informed of what the generous little Arthur had suffered for his father and his brothers, filled with admiration at such nobleness of soul, he sent for Bernard, and addressed him thus: You have an admirable son; permit me to be his father also. I will allow you an annuity out of my own pocket, and Arthur, with all your other children, shall be maintained at my expence, in whatever professions they shall chuse. If they make use of this establishment to their own advantage, I will charge myself with the care of their fortunes.

Bernard returned to his house transported with joy, and throwing himself on his knees, blessed God for having given him so worthy a child.

THE FARMER.

SIR John Downton had shut himself up one morning in his study, in order to give his attention to some affairs of consequence. A servant came to inform him that farmer Martin his tenant was at the street-door and desired to speak with him. Sir John ordered him to shew the farmer into the drawing-room, and to request him to stay a moment, until his letters should be finished. Robert, Arthur, and Sophia, Sir John Downton's children, were in the drawing room when Mr. Martin was introduced. He saluted them respectfully as he entered, but it was easy to see that he had not learned his bow from the dancing-master; nor were his compliments of a more elegant turn. The two boys looked one at the other, smiling with an air of contempt. Their eyes measured him very familiarly from head to foot. They whispered each other and laughed out so loud that the poor man

man blushed and did not know what countenance to put on. Robert even carried his incivility so far, as to walk round him, holding his nose, and asking his brother, "Arthur, do not you perceive something of the smell of a dung-heap?" And going for a chafing-dish of hot coals, he burnt some paper over it and carried it round the room, to disperse, as he said, the unpleasant smell. He then called a servant, and desired him to sweep up the dirt that Martin had left on the floor-cloth with his nailed shoes. Arthur, mean time, held his sides, laughing at his brother's impertinences.

It was not the same with Sophia their sister. Instead of imitating the rudeness of her brothers, she reproved them for it, endeavoured to excuse them to the farmer, and approaching him with looks of good-nature, offered him wine to refresh himself, made him sit down, and took his hat and stick herself and laid them by. In the mean time Sir John came out of his study, and approaching farmer Martin in a friendly manner, took him

by the hand, asked how his wife and children were, and what had brought him to town. "Sir, answered the farmer, I come to pay you my half-year's rent:" and at the same time he drew out of his pocket a leathern bag full of money. "You will not be displeased, continued he, that I have been something beyond my time: our roads were so flooded, that I could not carry my corn to market sooner."

"I am not at all displeased with you, replied Sir John: I know that you are an honest man and have no occasion to be put in mind of your engagements." At the same time he had a table laid before the farmer, to count the money on. Robert stared at the sight of farmer Martin's guineas, and seemed to look at him with a little more respect.

When Sir John had counted the farmer's money and found it right, the latter drew out of his great coat pocket a small jar of candied fruits. "I have brought something, said he, for the young folks. Won't you be
so

so good, Sir John, as to let them come out one of these days, and take a mouthful of the country air with us? I'd try to entertain and amuse them too, as well as I could. I have two good stout nags, and would come for them myself, and take them down in my four-wheeled chaise."

Sir John promised to go and see him, and would have kept him to dinner; but Mr. Martin thanked him for his kind invitation, and excused himself for not being able to accept it, as he had many bargains to make in town, and was in a hurry to return home. Sir John filled his pockets with cakes for his children, thanked him for the present that he had made to his, and having wished him good health, as well to support his fatigues as on his family's account, saw him down stairs and took his leave.

As soon as he was gone, Sophia, before her brothers, informed her father of the rude reception which they had given to the honest farmer. Sir John expressed his displeasure at Robert and Arthur, and at the same

time commended Sophia for her conduct. "I see, said he kissing her, that my little Sophia knows how to behave herself to honest people."

As it was about breakfast hour, he opened the farmer's jar of fruits and eat some of them with his daughter, and they both thought them excellent. Robert and Arthur were at table too, but were not invited to taste the fruits. They devoured them with their eyes, but Sir John did not seem to observe their longings. He resumed his commendations of Sophia, and exhorted her never to despise a person for the plainness of his dress. "For, said he, if we were to behave politely only to those who are well clad, we should seem to direct our civilities to the dress, not to the person who wears it. People in the most homely clothing are often the most honest; we have an instance of it in farmer Martin. He not only by his labour supports himself, his wife and children, but during these six years that he is my tenant,

tenant, he pays his rents so punctually that I have never had the smallest fault to find with him in that respect. Yes, my dear Sophia, if this man was not so honest, I could not supply the expence of maintaining you and your brothers. It is he who clothes you and procures you a good education; for it is in clothing you and paying the expences of your instruction that I dispose of the sums which he pays me every half-year."

After the breakfast was finished, he ordered the remainder to be locked up in the beaufet. Robert and Arthur followed it with desiring eyes and saw plainly that it was not kept for them. In this their father soon confirmed them. "Do not expect, said he, to taste these fruits, either to-day, or any other time. When the farmer who brought them shall have reason to be satisfied with you, he will not fail to send you some."

Robert. But, papa, is it my fault, if he did not smell well?

Sir

Sir John. How did he smell, then?

Robert. Of the dung-heap, insufferably.

Sir John. Whence could he have contracted that smell?

Robert. From his loading carts with it every day.

Sir John. What should he do then, to get rid of it?

Robert. He should—he should—

Sir John. He should, perhaps, not put dung upon his grounds at all?

Robert. There is only that way.

Sir John. But if he did not enrich his land, how could he draw a plentiful crop from it? And if he had always bad crops, how could he manage to pay me the rent of his farm?

Robert would have replied, but his father gave him a look in which Arthur and he plainly read his displeasure.—The next Sunday, very early, the good farmer was at Sir John Downton's door. He sent up his compliments, and kindly invited him to come and take an excursion

to

to his farm! Sir John, pleased with his hearty obliging manner, would not mortify him by a refusal. Robert and Arthur earnestly entreated their father to make them of the party, and promised to behave themselves more civilly. Sir John yielding to their solicitations, they mounted the four-wheeled chaise with joyful looks, and as the farmer had a pair of excellent horses and drove well, they were at his house before they had any suspicion of it. Who can describe their satisfaction when the chaise stopped? Cicely, wife to farmer Martin, appeared with a smiling countenance at the wicket, which she opened, and saluted her guests; and taking the children in her arms to help them down, she kissed them, and led them into the yard. All her own children were there in their best clothes, who welcomed the young gentlemen, saluting them with great respect. Sir John would willingly have stopped a moment to talk with the little ones and caress them, but Mrs. Martin pressed him to go in, lest the

the coffee should grow cold. It was already poured out, at a table which was covered with a napkin as white as snow. The coffee-pot was not of silver, nor the cups of china, yet every thing was in the neatest order. Robert and Arthur, however, looked at each other sily and would have burst out in a laugh if they had not feared to offend their father. But Cicely, guessing their thoughts by the looks which they exchanged, made an apology for their fare, which she confessed was not so fine as they would have had at their own house; however she hoped that they would be satisfied with the cheerful entertainment of poor people. With the coffee they had muffins of a delicious taste. It was easy to see that Mrs. Martin had used all her art in kneading and baking them.

After breakfast, the farmer asked Sir John to look at his orchard and grounds, to which he consented. Cicely took all the pains imaginable to make this walk agreeable to the children. She shewed them all
her

her flocks which covered the fields, and gave them the prettiest lambs to play with. She then led them to her pigeon-house : every thing there was clean and wholesome : there were on the ground two young pigeons which had just quitted their nest, but did not dare as yet to trust their callow wings. Some of the mothers were sitting over their eggs, and others busied in giving nourishment to their young which had just broken the shell. From the pigeon-house they went to the bee-hives : Cicely took care that they should not go too near them, but however she gave them a view of the bees at work.

As most of these sights were new to the children, they seemed very much delighted with them ; they were even going to take a second review of them, if farmer Martin's youngest son Tom had not come to inform them that dinner waited. They were served on pewter and drank out of Delft ware : but Robert and Arthur were still so full of the pleasure of their morning's

ing's walk that they were ashamed to indulge their satirical humour; they thought every thing excellent. It is true, Cicely had surpassed herself in preparing them the best cheer.

After dinner, Sir John perceived two fiddles hung up against the wall. What person here plays those instruments? said he.

My eldest son and I, answered the farmer; and without saying any more, he made a sign to Luke, his son, to take down the fiddles. They played by turns some old tunes on the fiddles, both sprightly and pathetic, of which Sir John expressed his satisfaction in the most flattering manner.

As they were going to hang up the instruments again, "Come, Robert and Arthur," said Sir John, "it is now your turns. Play us some of your best tunes:" and at the same time he put the fiddles into their hands. But they did not know even how to hold the bow, and their confusion raised a general laugh.

Sir

Sir John then requested the farmer to put the horses to, that they might return to town. Martin pressed him strongly to pass the night with him, but at length yielded to Sir John's excuses. — "Well, Robert," said that gentleman to his son, as they returned, "how do you find yourself after your little journey?"

Robert. Very well, papa. Those good people have done their utmost to give us every satisfaction.

Sir J. Downton. I am happy to see you satisfied. But if farmer Martin had not taken so much pains in doing the honours of his house, if he had not offered you the smallest refreshment, would you have been as well pleased with him as you now seem to be?

Robert. No, certainly.

Sir John. What would you have thought him?

Robert. That he was an unmannerly clown.

Sir John. Robert, Robert, this honest
man

man came to our house, and far from offering him any refreshment, you made game of him. Which then is the best bred, you or the farmer?

Robert (blushing). But it is his duty to receive us well. He gains by our lands.

Sir John. What do you call gaining?

Robert. I mean, that he finds it his advantage to gather in the crops of our corn-fields, and the hay of our meadows.

Sir John. You are right. A farmer has occasion for all that; but what does he do with the grain?

Robert. He maintains with it, himself, his wife, and his children.

Sir John. And with the hay?

Robert. He gives it to his horses to eat.

Sir John. And what does he do with his horses?

Robert. He uses them in plowing the ground.

Sir John. Thus you see that one part of what he gains from the earth returns to it.

But

But do you believe, that he consumes the remainder with his family and his horses?

Robert. The cows have their part of it too.

Arthur. And his sheep too, and his pigeons, and his poultry.

Sir John. That is true. But are his whole crops consumed upon his own ground?

Robert. No. I remember to have heard him say that he took part of them to market to sell for money.

Sir John. And what does he do with this money?

Robert. I saw last week, that he brought you a leathern bag full of it.

Sir John. You now see who draws the greatest profit from my lands, the farmer or I. It is true, he feeds his horses with hay from the meadows, but his horses serve to plow the fields, which, without these plowings, would be exhausted by weeds. He feeds his sheep too, and his cows, with the hay; but their dung contributes

tributes to make the fallow grounds fruitful. His wife and his children are fed with the corn of the harvests, but in return they pass the summer in weeding the crops, and afterwards, some in reaping them, some in threshing; and these labours again turn to my advantage. The rest of his corn and hay he takes to market to sell them, but it is in order to give me the money that he receives. Suppose that there remains some part for himself, is it not fair that he should have a recompence for his labours? Now, therefore, once more tell me, which of us two draws the greatest profits from my lands?

Robert. I now plainly see that you do.

Sir John. And without this tenant, should I have that profit?

Robert. Oh! there are many tenants to be had.

Sir John. You are right; but not one more honest than this. I had formerly let this farm to another who impoverished the land, cut down the trees, and let the outhouses

outhouses run to ruin. At quarter-day, he never had any money for me; and when I would expostulate with him, he shewed me clearly that his whole stock was not sufficient to answer my demand.

Robert. Ah! the knave!

Sir John. If this man were of the same kind, should I receive much profit from my estate?

Robert. Certainly not.

Sir John. To whom then am I obliged for what I do receive?

Robert. I see that you owe it to this honest farmer.

Sir John. Is it not therefore our duty to receive a man well who renders us so great services?

Robert. Ah! papa, you make me see very plainly that I was wrong.

For some minutes a deep silence ensued. Sir John then resumed the discourse thus; Robert, why did not you play upon the fiddle?

Robert.

Robert. You know, papa, that I have never learned.

Sir John. Then farmer Martin's son knows something that you do not.

Robert. That is true. But then does he understand Latin as I do?

Sir John. And do you know how to plow? can you drive a team? can you sow wheat, barley, oats, and other grain, or rear a crop of them? Would you know how so much as to fix a hop-pole, or prune a tree, so as to have good fruit?

Robert. I have no occasion to know all that: I am no farmer.

Sir John. But if all the people in the world knew nothing else but Latin, how would things go then?

Robert. Very ill; we should have no bread, no vegetables.

Sir John. And could the world do very well, even though nobody knew Latin?

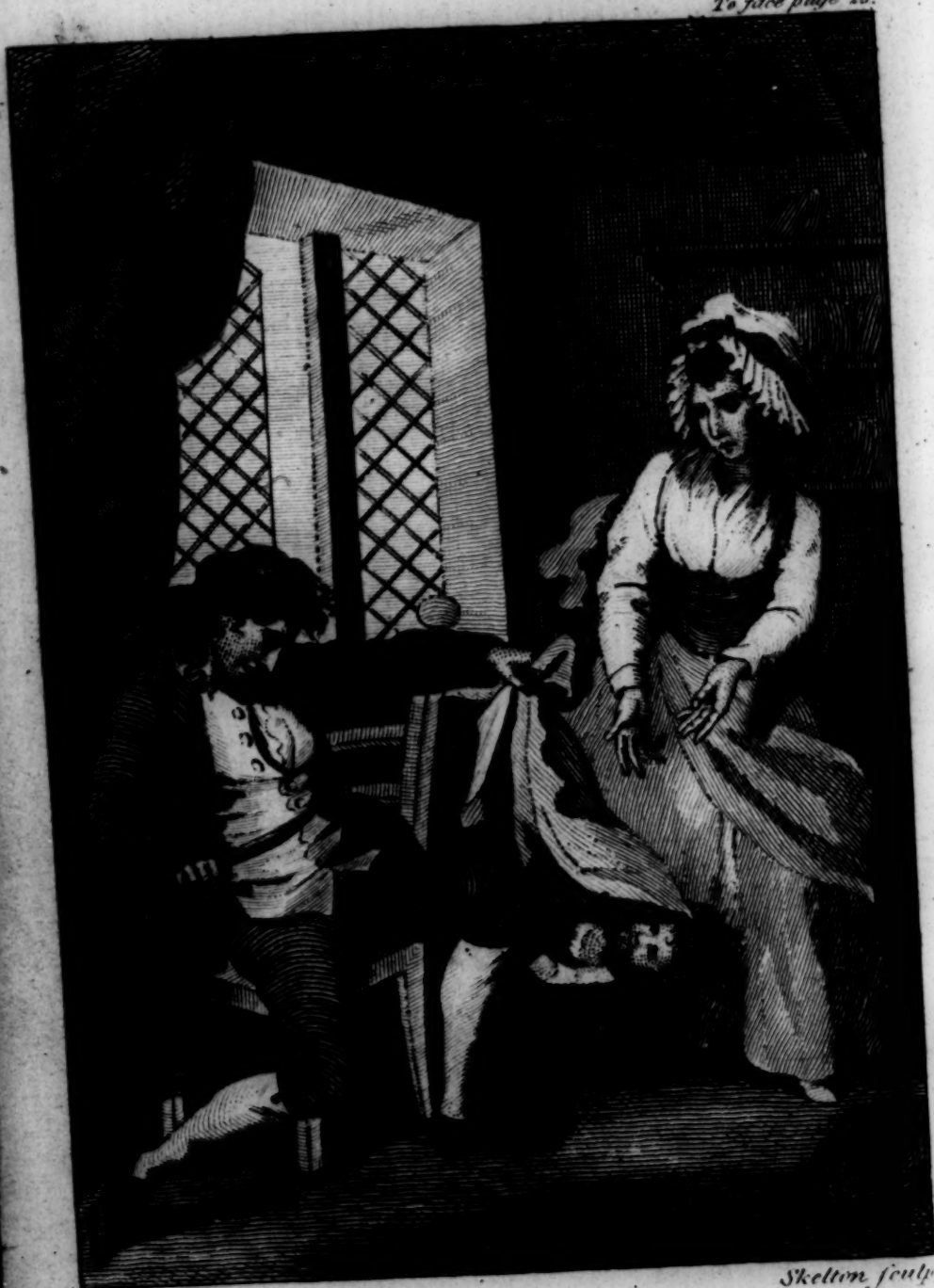
Robert. I believe it could.

Sir John. Remember then all your life
what



JONATHAN.

To face page 25.



M. Brown del.

Skelton sculp.

what you have just seen and heard. This farmer so coarsely clad, who saluted and addressed you in so rustick a manner; this man is better bred than you, knows much more than you, and things of much greater use. Therefore you see how unjust it is to despise any one for the plainness of his dress or the ungracefulness of his manner.

J O N A T H A N.

JONATHAN, a gardener of Lincoln, was looked upon as the most skilful in the county. His fruits surpassed those of his neighbours in bigness, and were always found to have an exquisite flavour. All the first gentlemen round about were ambitious of having his peaches at their deserts, so that he had no occasion to send his me-

C

lons

lons to the market ; they were bespoke on the beds, and very often could not be had for gold. The reputation that he obtained, and the profits that he drew from his labours, increased his assiduity in the cultivation of his garden. Rich and industrious as he was, he easily found a proper match, and espoused Claribell, a young woman in the neighbourhood, as prudent as she was handsome. The first year of their marriage was very happy. Claribell assisted her husband in his labours, and the fruits of their garden were more prosperous than ever.

Unhappily for Jonathan, near his house there lived another gardener, called Guzzle, who at day-break fixed himself in an alehouse, which he seldom left before night. Jonathan was delighted with Guzzle's hearty humour, and was not long before he fell into the same taste. At first, he went now and then to meet him at the alehouse, and only talked to him of gardening ; but very soon, in his own garden, he talked to him of nothing but strong beer. Claribell grieved

at

at the change in her husband's behaviour. As she had not as yet sufficient experience herself to undertake the care of the wall-trees, she was frequently obliged to bring him home to his work, and usually found him amongst his pots and glasses. Alas! it would often have been better for him to stay from the garden. His head was now generally muddled with beer when he went to work upon his trees, and his pruning-knife cut away at random amongst the branches: those that bore were cut, as well as those that did not; and the fine peach trees, on which last year there had not been a single bough unfruitful, did now only stretch their lazy arms, like so many yawning idlers. The more Jonathan found his garden decay, the more fond he grew of this sottish way of life. His fruit and his vegetables had lost their great name, and not being able by his earnings to satisfy his fondness for drink, he parted by degrees with his furniture, his linen, and his clothes. At length one day, when his wife was gone to

market with some roots that she had reared herself, he went and sold all his garden utensils, in order to drink the money with Guzzle. It would be difficult to describe Claribell's grief at her return. To be reduced from a moderate competency to the most destitute poverty was not the height of her misfortune. She felt still more strongly for the fate of her husband, and of a young infant, six months old, which she had then at the breast. Who should suppose that this child was to save the whole family from destruction?

The evening of the same day, Jonathan came home swearing, threw himself into a chair, and leaning on his elbow over the table, surlily asked his wife for something to eat. Claribell handed him a large case-knife, and a basket that was covered with her apron. Jonathan snatched the apron off; but what was his surprize to see his own child fast asleep in the basket. "Eat there," said Claribell to him; "it is all that I have left to give you. You are the father

father of this child, and if you do not devour him, famine and misery shortly will."

Jonathan, thunderstruck at these words, remained speechless, with his eyes stupidly fixed upon his son. At length his sorrow broke out in tears and exclamations. He rises, and embracing his wife, asks her pardon and promises to reform; and he kept his word.

His father in law, who for some time had refused to see him, being informed of his good intentions, advanced him a sum to enable him to put his garden in order again. Jonathan made good use of this supply, and very soon his garden flourished as happily as ever. He became once more, and continued even to his old age, active, industrious, a good husband and a good father. He took pleasure sometimes (though he blushed at the same time) in telling this story to his son, who from his example, conceived such an aversion to drinking and idleness, that he was all his life as sober as he was laborious.

The YOUNG SPARROWS.

LITTLE Robert one day perceived a sparrow's nest under the eaves of the house, and running immediately for his sisters to inform them of his discovery, they all contrived together how to get the little covey into their possession. It was agreed to wait until the young ones should be fledged; that then Robert should raise a ladder against the wall, and that his sisters should hold it fast below, while he climbed up for the nest. When they thought the little birds sufficiently feathered, they made ready to put their design in execution. It succeeded perfectly, and they found three young ones in the nest. The old birds sent forth piteous cries on seeing their little ones, whom they had nourished with so much care, taken from them; but Robert and his sisters were so overjoyed, that they did not pay the least attention to their complaints.

They were at first something puzzled what
to

to do with their prisoners. Augusta, the youngest, being of a mild and compassionate disposition, was for having them put into a cage: she promised to take the charge of them upon herself, and to feed them regularly every day: she described in a lively manner to her brother and sister, the pleasure that they should have in seeing and hearing those young birds when grown big. This was opposed by Robert: he maintained that it was better to pluck them just as they were, and that it would be much more *funny* to look at them jumping about in the room without feathers, than to see them dismally shut up in a cage. Charlotte, the eldest, declared herself of the same opinion as Augusta, but Robert persisted in his own.

At last the two little girls, seeing that their brother would not give up the point, and that besides he had the nest in his possession, agreed to whatever he desired. But he had not waited for their consent to begin his execution. The first was already plucked. There is one stript, says he, set-

ting it on the ground. In a moment all the little family were deprived of their tender feathers. The poor things cried, *peep!* *peep!* and complained very piteously; they shuddered with the cold, and shook their bare little wings. But Robert, instead of pitying their sufferings, did not end his persecutions there: he pushed them with his toe to make them go on, and whenever they tumbled over, he burst out a laughing; and at last his sisters joined in the laugh with him.

While they were indulging this cruel amusement, they saw at a distance their tutor coming towards them. Mum! Each pocketed a bird, and was slinking off. "Well, cried their tutor to them, where are you going? Come hither!" This order obliged them to stop. They advanced slowly, with their eyes fixed on the ground.

The Tutor. Why do you run away at my coming?

Rob. We were only playing.

The Tutor. You know, I do not debar
you

THE YOUNG SPARROWS. 33

you of amusement, and indeed I am never so happy as when I see you all merry.

Rob. We were afraid that you were coming to scold us.

The Tutor. Do I ever scold you for taking an innocent diversion? I see you have done something amiss. Why have you each your hands in your pocket? I must know the reason. Shew me each your hand, and what you have in it. (*They shew each their hand, with a bird plucked.*)

The Tutor (*with an emotion of pity and indignation*). And who could give you the idea of treating these poor little creatures thus?

Rob. Why, it is so droll to see sparrows jump without feathers.

The Tutor. You think it very droll to see innocent creatures suffer, and to hear their cries when in pain?

Rob. No, Sir; I did not think it put them to pain.

The Tutor. Didn't you? Come hither: I will convince you it did. (*He plucks a few hairs out of Robert's head.*)

34 THE YOUNG SPARROWS.

Rob. Oh ! Oh !

The Tutor. Does that hurt you ?

Rob. Do you think it does not, to pluck one's hairs ?

The Tutor. Pshaw ! there are only a dozen.

Rob. But that is too much.

The Tutor. What would it be then, were one to pluck out all your hair so ? Have you a notion of the pain that you would feel ? And yet you have put these birds to the very same torture, though they never did you any harm. And you, young ladies, you that should be more tender-hearted, did you suffer this ?

The two little misses were standing by silent, but hearing these last words, and feeling the keenness of the rebuke, they sat down with their eyes swimming in tears. The tutor remarking their sorrow, was touched with it, and said no more to them.

Robert did not cry, and endeavoured to justify himself thus : I could not think that I did them any harm. They sung all the while,

while, and they clapped their wings as if they were pleased.

The Tutor. Do you call their cries singing? But why should they sing?

Rob. I suppose to call their father and mother.

The Tutor. No doubt. And when their cries should have brought them, what did the young ones mean to tell them by clapping their wings?

Rob. I cannot say exactly; perhaps to ask their help.

The Tutor. Just so. Therefore, if those birds could have expressed themselves in our speech, you would have heard them cry, "Ah! father and mother, save us! We have unhappily fallen into the hands of cruel children, who have plucked all our feathers. We are cold, and in pain. Come, warm us and cure us, or we shall die."

The little girls could hold out no longer; they sobbed and hid their faces in their handkerchiefs. It was you, Robert, that led us to this cruelty. We hated the thought of

36 THE YOUNG SPARROWS.

it ourselves. Robert was then himself sensible of his fault. He had already been punished by his tutor plucking his hair; he was now much more so by the reproaches of his own heart. The tutor thought there was no occasion to add to this double punishment. It was not, indeed, from an instinct of cruelty, but purely from want of thought, that Robert had done this ill-natured action, and the pity which he felt from that moment for all creatures weaker than himself, opened his heart to the sentiments of kindness and humanity that have animated him all the rest of his life.

THE PAGE.

A DRAMA in ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

The PRINCE OF ———.

Mrs. DORFFEN.

ELDER DORFFEN, *an Ensign*, } *Her*
YOUNGER DORFFEN, *Page*, } *Sons.*

CAPTAIN DERENHOFF, *Her Brother.*

MASTER OF A ROYAL ACADEMY.

ATTENDANT.

The stage represents an anti-chamber in the palace. Beyond appears a bed-chamber with folding doors open; within-side a camp bed, at the foot of which, on a stand, is a lamp lighted, and a watch.

SCENE I.

The Prince (in a morning gown, lying upon a camp bed, and covered with a large cloak).

cloak.) The Page (asleep in an arm-chair in the anti-chamber).

The Prince (awaking).

THIS is something like rest.—This is the happiness of peace.—One can now indulge sleep, without being aroused by the noise of arms. (*Looks at his watch.*) Two o'clock! It must be later! I have slept more than two hours. Page! page!

The Page (starting from his sleep, half awake, and falling back into the arm-chair).

Eh! who calls? I'm coming—presently.

The Prince. Is any body there? What, no answer?

The Page (turning himself and yawning).
Oh dear! I was in such a fine sleep!

The Prince. I hear somebody speak. Who is there? (*He turns the lamp, and sees the Page.*) Is it possible? What! that child here? Should he watch by me, or I by him? What could my people mean?

The Page (rising up half asleep, and rubbing his eyes). Sir!

The

The Prince. Come, come, my little friend, awake! Tell me what o'clock it is by your watch; mine is stopped.

The Page (supporting himself on the arms of the chair, and still half asleep). Eh? what, sir?

The Prince (smiling). You are fast asleep. What a comical little face! He would afford an excellent picture as he is now. I bid you see what o'clock it is by your watch.

The Page (approaching slowly). Watch, Sir? I beg your Highness's pardon! I have none.

The Prince. You are dreaming still, or have you really no watch?

The Page. I never had one.

The Prince. Never? How could your father send you hither without a thing so necessary, and indeed the only thing for which, in your case, you have an absolute occasion.

The Page. My father? Ah! if he were alive!

The Prince. You have no father, then?

The

The Page. He died, sir, before I was born. I never saw him.

The Prince. Poor child! But your guardian, your mother should have taken care—

The Page. My mother, sir? Ah! does not your highness know it? She lives very poorly indeed. What money she had she laid out upon me, but she had not enough to buy me a watch.

The Prince. Who is your guardian?

The Page. My uncle, sir.

The Prince (smiling). That is good. But there are so many uncles in the world! What is your uncle's name?

The Page. He is a captain in your highness's guards, and on guard to-day.

The Prince. You are right: I recollect him: it was he that brought you to me. My little man, take this taper; hold it fast. In that bed-room (*pointing*) there, on that side, you will find two watches hanging by the glass. Bring me the one that you find on the right-hand, and take care to set the room on fire with the taper! Make haste!

The Page (going). Yes, sir.

S C E N E

SCENE II.

The Prince.

What a sweet child ! what amiable simplicity ! Ah ! if there were a man like this child for sincerity, and that man my friend !—it is a pity that he is so little : he will never answer ; I must send him back to his mother.

SCENE III.

The Prince, the Page.

The Page (holding the light in one hand, and the watch in the other). It is five o'clock, sir.

The Prince. I was not mistaken : it will soon be light. (*Taking his watch.*) But is this the one that I sent you to bring ? Was this on the right-hand ?

The Page. Is not that it, sir ? Indeed I thought it was.

The Prince. Well, my little friend, supposing it was, if you had known your own interest properly, you should have taken the other ;

other ; for this, set round as it is with brilliants, cannot be proper for a child to wear. Is it possible that covetousness directed your choice ? or are you like those who lose all, by trying to gain too much ? Tell me !

The Page. I do not know what your highness says.

The Prince. I must explain myself then more clearly. Can you tell the right from the left ?

The Page (*looking at each hand by turns*). The right and the left, sir ?

The Prince (*patting him on the shoulder*). Well, my little friend, perhaps you distinguish them as little as good from evil. Pity that you cannot preserve that happy ignorance ! Go, run and tell your uncle, the captain, to come to me. (*The page goes out.*)

SCENE IV.

The Prince.

How ingenuous ! how amiable a child !—

An

An additional reason for restoring him to his family. The court is the centre of corruption. I will not suffer him to fall a victim to it. Yes, I will send him home. But where must he go, if his mother be so indigent, as he says, and not able to maintain him? I must enquire about it. Derenhoff can give me every information that I desire.

SCENE V.

The Prince, the Page.

The Page. My uncle, the captain, is coming to your highness.

The Prince. Well, what is the matter? You look quite heavy. Perhaps you would wish to have a little more sleep?

The Page. Why yes, sir, a little.

The Prince. If that is all, go and fix yourself again in your arm-chair. I have been a child myself, and know how agreeable rest is at your age. Go seat yourself, I tell you; I give you leave. (*The page sits in the arm-chair,*

THE PAGE.

chair, and settles himself to sleep.) I thought he would not need to be bid twice.

SCENE VI.

The Prince, Captain Derenboff, the Page (asleep).

Capt. Derenboff. Your highness—

The Prince. Come in, captain. What do you think of the little messenger that I sent to you? What use shall I make of him? to attend me in my chamber?

Capt. D. (shrugging up his shoulders.) I confess, sir, he is rather little.

The Prince. Or to go on horseback on my business?

Capt. D. I should be afraid that he would never come back.

The Prince. Or to watch here at night?

Capt. D. (smiling.) Yes, provided your highness sleep.

The Prince. What can I do then with this child? nothing; that is plain. So that in bringing him hither, you probably did not intend that he should be of use to me in his service, but that I should to him in his fortune.

fortune. You told me, I recollect, that his mother was not able to bring him up; but is it true that she is reduced absolutely to indigence?

Capt. D. (laying his hand on his breast.)
Yes, sir, it is the exact truth.

The Prince. And by what misfortunes?

Capt. D. By this very last war, which has enriched so many others. It is true, her estate was something encumbered, but at present it is taken totally out of her hands. Every thing is pillaged, burnt, utterly destroyed. Besides all this, law-suits: they follow war as the plague does famine. Happily for her, her children are settled for the present. The youngest is page to your highness; the eldest, ensign in your highness's guards. As to the mother, she lives as she can.

The Prince. Wretchedly enough, no doubt.

Capt. D. True, sir. (*Coldly.*) She has retired to a cottage, where she lives quite alone and forsaken. I never go to see her. I am
her

her brother, and could not bear the shocking sight of her distress.

The Prince. You are her brother?

Capt. D. Yes, sir, unhappily.

The Prince (with contempt). Unhappily! and you never go to see her? I understand you, sir. Her distress would make you blush; or, if it affected you, to relieve her, you think, would cost you something. (*Capt. Derenkoff appears confused.*) What is your sister's name?

Capt. D. Dorffen, sir.

The Prince (musing). Dorffen? Had not I a major of that name in my troops?

Capt. D. Yes, sir.

The Prince. Who was killed at the opening of the first campaign of the war?

Capt. D. True, sir. He was father to the ensign, and to this child; a man of honour, and perfectly brave. He mounted a breach with the cheerfulness of one going to an entertainment. He had the heart of a lion.

The

The Prince. Of a man, captain; that is saying more. I remember him very well, and could wish—

Capt. D. (drawing near). What would your highness wish?

The Prince. To speak with his widow.

Capt. D. Your highness can do that immediately. She is here.

The Prince. Is she here? send to her; let her come to me as soon as she rises. I desire to see her, and to return her child to her.

Capt. D. Sir—

The Prince. I forbid your mentioning it to her. Go. (*Captain Derenboff goes out.*)

SCENE VII.

The Prince, the Page (asleep).

The Prince. What! reduced to so distressful a situation by the war? Dreadful scourge! how many families has it plunged into misery! Still, however, it is better that they should be unhappy by the war than by me. It is necessity, and not my choice, that

that has made me take up arms. (*He rises, and after walking about a little, stops before the page's chair.*) Amiable child!—how he sleeps at his ease! It is innocence in the arms of sleep. He thinks himself in the house of a friend, where he ought not to be under constraint. Perfectly in nature! (*walks about again.*) His mother? But indeed I should not concern myself much for her, if she were like the captain. I will put her to the proof, in order to know her; and then—then it will be time enough to take my measures. (*He leans over the back of the arm-chair, and looking fondly at the page, perceives a letter hanging out of his pocket.*) But what is this? a letter? (*opens it, and reads at the bottom*) “Your affectionate mother, Catharine Dorffen.” Ah! it is from his mother. Shall I read it? I wish to know her character. She will not dissemble with her own child. Let us see. (*reads.*)

“My dear son. The difficulty that you find in writing, has not, I see, hindered
your

your complying with my request; and your letter is even longer than I could expect. This willingness in you convinces me that you love me. I am sensible of it, and thank you sincerely for it. You tell me that you have been introduced to the prince; that he has been so good as to approve of you; that he is the best and mildest of masters, and that you love him very much already." (*He looks at the page.*) What, my friend, you have written so to your mother? I only do my duty then, in making you a return, and in seeking to give you proofs of my friendship.—“ You have reason to love him, my dear child; for without his generous assistance, what would be your lot in this world? You have lost your father; and although your mother be still living, you are not the less to be pitied. Fortune has put it out of her power to fulfil her duty to you; that is my greatest grief, and the most cruel of my distresses. While I had only to think of myself, misfortunes could never affect me; but when your

D

image

image offers itself to my thoughts, my heart is ready to burst, and my tears never cease."—Much tenderness, much sensibility appears here; and if she be as excellent a woman as she is a tender mother—And why should she not? She is, I have not a doubt of it.—“I cannot, my dear, lead you myself in the road to fortune, as I could wish; I am obliged to remain here in solitude and retirement; but I shall never cease to give you my advice with all the earnestness of affection; and while my voice can reach you, it shall constantly entreat you to follow the paths of honour and virtue. As a fresh proof of that obedience which you have hitherto shewn to me, I request you always to carry this letter about you.” (*Looks at the page*). Well, he has been obedient.—“If ever you should be in danger of failing in your duty, or neglecting the advice that I gave you when I kissed you at parting, and bedewed you with my tears, then, my dear son, remember this letter; open it; think of your mother,

ther, your unfortunate mother, who is only supported in her solitude by the hopes that she builds on you."—What has he not a brother?—"Think that she would die with grief were you to behave amiss, and that you yourself would stab the heart that loves you above all things upon earth."

—She sees his danger. She is right, for he is much exposed here. Ought she to have sent him hither?—"It is not suspicion or distrust that make me speak thus. Your behaviour never gave me cause for them. No, my dear child; but your brother has made my tears flow; you, I hope, will spare the feelings of your mother more than he has done."—So then, the eldest?—the eldest?—I must inform myself more of this.—"You have always behaved with duty and respect. I own it with tears of joy. Go on, my dear child; become an honest man, and your mother, be she ever so poor, ever so unhappy, will soon forget her misfortunes and distress."—Very well. I like this woman; misfortune exalts her

sentiments, instead of depressing them.—

“ You tell me at the end of your letter, that all your companions have watches. I know that you should have one too ; however, you break off there, and do not express even a wish for one. This reserve pleases me, and I am unhappy in not being able to reward it. You know, my dear, that I cannot, and therefore you will pardon me. Business of importance calls me to the capital ; I am going thither, and this journey will take from me what little money I have left. It is a necessary expence, and I cannot avoid it. But be assured that in the end I shall do every thing in my power to satisfy your wish. And should I even stint myself of necessities, I will never suffer my heart’s best beloved to want an encouragement to virtue. I hope soon to see you again, and am”——This woman is worthy of a better lot. I will keep this letter, and shew it to my wife. But no, it is this child’s treasure ; why deprive him of it ? (*He puts the letter into*
the

the page's pocket again.) With what tranquillity he sleeps still! Heaven, they say, prepares the happiness of its children while they sleep. (*He takes him by the hand.*) Ho! my little friend! (*The page awakes, and looks at the prince for some time.*) He is a charming child, upon my life! Come, my little friend, awake. It is broad day, and you cannot sleep here any longer. Rise.

The Page (rising slowly). Yes, Sir.

The Prince. You are fast asleep still. Here, go into my bed-room. (*He goes in.*) Put out the light, and shut the doors. Now go to that place where you found the watch. Make haste; not there, this way. Here, straight on; quick; come back the other side. Well, are you awake now?

The Page. Heigho! yes, sir.

The Prince. Tell me, for I look upon you as a diligent child, and even clever; can you write letters?

The Page. Oh, yes; when I set about it. I have writ two long ones already.

The Prince. These two were to your mother, I suppose.

The Page (with a pleased, familiar air). Yes, sir, to my mother.

The Prince. Joy sparkles in your eyes when I speak of her. (*aside.*) What affection they bear to each other even in poverty! But is your mother very good?

The Page (taking the Prince's hand between both his). Ah! if you knew her?

The Prince. I will know her, my little friend.

The Page. She is so good-natured, and so fond of me—

The Prince. I could wish her sons to be like her. Your brother the ensign? They say he does not go on well. But you—

The Page (shaking his head). Ah! my brother the ensign—

The Prince. Yes, they say that he causes your mother much trouble. Is that true?

The Page. Ah! sir—But I was forbid to open my lips about it. If his colonel knew—

(*with*

(*with an air of confidence*) Oh, that colonel is an ill-natured man.

The Prince. He shall know nothing of it, I promise you. Speak then; what has been the matter? what has your brother done?

The Page. A great many things. I don't know myself quite how it was. I only saw that my mother was mighty angry about it; and to hide my brother's fault, she gave away all that she was worth in the world. (*He goes near to the Prince, and speaks low*) Only for that, she said, he might have been broke.

The Prince. Broke! For what?

The Page. Ah! fir, I cannot tell that.

The Prince. What, not to me?

The Page. They would not let myself know that.

The Prince (laughing). They were very right, I think. But as to you, since you have not a watch, I suppose you asked your mother in your letter to buy you one.

The Page. Only once, no more.

The Prince. Oh! then she was angry with you?

The Page. No, no, sir; so far from that, she wrote to me that she would spare from the little money that she had, and buy me one. I am sorry that I spoke to her of it. She can hardly live as it is. That grieves me very much.

The Prince. So it should. A good son should not be an expence to his mother. It is his duty, on the contrary, to seek all means of relieving her. As to the watch, if that were all, one might content you. (*He takes out his purse.*) Hold, my little friend; here are twelve guineas that I can spare. I will make you a present of them. Give me your hand.

The Page (*holding his hand, while the Prince counts out the money*). Are they for me, sir?

The Prince. Yes, certainly; but tell me, what do you think to do with this money?

The Page. Could not I buy a watch with it?

The

The Prince. Yes, and a very handsome one; but however, when we consider the matter, you have no absolute occasion for a watch. There are enough here. (*While he speaks, the page looks earnestly at him.*) If I were in your place, I know very well what I would do. I would lay that money out better. However, just as you please. I am going to dress. Stay here until I come back.

The Page (*calling him*). Sir!—

The Prince. Well, what do you want?

The Page. My mother is in town. She sets off this morning, and I could wish to take my leave of her. (*Coaxingly.*) Will your highness give me leave?

The Prince. No, my boy, there is no occasion for that. Your mother shall come to you for this time. You shall see her; have a little patience. (*He goes out.*)

SCENE VIII.

The Page.

She will come here? I shall see her here? what can be the reason of that? no matter; if she comes and sees me, that is enough. One, two, three—(*counts all the money.*) Twelve guineas to buy a watch! How happy I am! I think I have it already in my hands; I hear it click, and wind it up myself. But when the prince said that he knew very well what he would do if he was in my place, what did he mean by that? what would he do then? Ah! he has watches in all his rooms; so he does not know what it is to want one. But he told me, too, that a good son should relieve his mother. No doubt he was thinking then of mine. Twelve guineas! (*looks at them.*) It is a great deal of money indeed; a great deal of money. If my mother had them, they would be of great service to her. (*He presses the money to his breast with both his hands.*) Ah!

Ah! a watch! a watch! (*lets his hands fall.*)
 But then a mother too! and so kind a mother! Yesterday, too, she was so dull, she looked so pale, and so ill. I do believe that giving her this money would recover her at once. Shall I go without it myself for her sake?—(*With resolution*) Yes, I will. But let her come soon, for I may change my mind. I have the watch at heart still! (*Puts his finger on his mouth.*) Not a word! Hift! somebody comes.

SCENE IX.

Mrs. Dorffen, Captain Derenboff, the Page.

The Page (running to meet his mother). Ah, mamma!

Mrs. Dorffen (looks anxiously round, without minding the child). I do not know, brother, but I am uneasy; what can his highness want with me?

Capt. D. There; look at that child. He is going to give him back to you. (*She looks at the child with surprize and concern,*

who mean time hangs on her, quite joyful.)

But in fact, it was nonsense to bring him here. What can the Prince do with him?

The other pages grow up, appear like men, and enter into the army. But he—(*with a look of contempt*) he is such a diminutive creature, he never will be good for any thing. The milk that you gave him was poisoned by your griefs. He is a plant that is spoiled at the root. He will never have strength or figure.

Mrs. Dorffen (sorrowfully). Oh! brother!

Capt. D. In short, when you see the Prince, be sure not to say a word to him of this child. It would be to no purpose. Rather solicit him in favour of the ensign. He has some appearance at least; he is a man.

Mrs. Dorffen. In favour of the ensign?

Capt. D. Yes, he has sent for him.

Mrs. Dorffen. You frighten me. Can he have learnt?—

Capt. D. (coldly). It may be so: nay, indeed it is probable. (*Leaning upon his cane,*
and

and shaking his head.) What do you think would be the consequence if he knew that the puppy meant to decamp, and had taken up money? and that it is only on my account, who settled the affair—(*with vehemence*) I tell you, and you will see it, I shall suffer for my own good-nature, and perhaps be put under arrest myself. I wish I had never concerned myself about your children. However, I never shall again—(*as he goes off grumbling, he turns back.*) No, I never shall as long as I live. (*Goes out.*)

SCENE X.

Mrs. Dorffen, the Page.

The Page (*seeing her concern*). My uncle is always in a bad humour. But let him talk on, mamma, never fear.

Mrs. Dorffen. Be quiet, child; you don't know—

The Page. Oh! I know more than he does. The prince is not what he says. He never does harm to any body. So far from that

who mean time hangs on her, quite joyful.)
 But in fact, it was nonsense to bring him here. What can the Prince do with him? The other pages grow up, appear like men, and enter into the army. But he—(*with a look of contempt*) he is such a diminutive creature, he never will be good for any thing. The milk that you gave him was poisoned by your griefs. He is a plant that is spoiled at the root. He will never have strength or figure.

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Capt. D. In short, when you see the Prince, be sure not to say a word to him of this child. It would be to no purpose. Rather solicit him in favour of the ensign. He has some appearance at least; he is a man.

Mrs. Dorffen. In favour of the ensign?

Capt. D. Yes, he has sent for him.

Mrs. Dorffen. You frighten me. Can he have learnt?—

Capt. D. (coldly). It may be so: nay, indeed it is probable. (*Leaning upon his cane,*
and

and shaking his head.) What do you think would be the consequence if he knew that the puppy meant to decamp, and had taken up money? and that it is only on my account, who settled the affair—(*with vehemence*) I tell you, and you will see it, I shall suffer for my own good-nature, and perhaps be put under arrest myself. I wish I had never concerned myself about your children. However, I never shall again—(*as he goes off grumbling, he turns back.*) No, I never shall as long as I live.. (*Goes out.*)

SCENE X.

Mrs. Dorffen, the Page.

The Page (*seeing her concern*). My uncle is always in a bad humour. But let him talk on, mamma, never fear.

Mrs. Dorffen. Be quiet, child; you don't know—

The Page. Oh! I know more than he does. The prince is not what he says. He never does harm to any body. So far from that

that, look, look here; (*shows the twelve guineas in his hand*) see all that—and it was he that gave it to me.

Mrs. Dorffen (*astonished*). Is it possible? The Prince?

The Page. He took it out of a large, large purse that was full of gold, a little before you came. Ah! if the prince chose, mamma, if he chose—Oh! he is rich, I promise you.

Mrs. Dorffen. But how was this? I do not understand it. He must have had some reason.

The Page. Certainly. His watch was stopped. He had been hunting all day yesterday, and forgot to wind it up; and this morning—(*he runs to the bed-room, and opens the door*) There, mamma; there is the place where he lay. So he called me, and bid me look at my watch; and as I had none—

Mrs. Dorffen. He gave you that money.

The Page. Yes, he gave it to me to buy one. (*Shewing the money again.*) Twelve guineas; mamma.

Mrs.

Mrs Dorffen. Look at me. Am I to believe you?

The Page. Indeed you may. But I am not in a hurry for a watch. I shall have one some time or other. (*Taking his mother's band.*) Take this money, mamma. Put it into your purse.

Mrs. Dorffen (with emotion). What, my dear? How?—

The Page. I am so sorry to see you always crying. Ah! mamma, I wish I had a great deal of money, then you should never cry any more. All, yes every farthing you should have and welcome.

Mrs. Dorffen (leaning over him). What! you would, my dear!—

The Page. How pleased I'd be to see you happy and contented!

Mrs. Dorffen (kissing him). I am happy, my love. I would not give the happiness that I feel this moment for all your prince's gold. Ah! you do not know how the compassionate tenderness of a son impresses the heart of an unfortunate mother.

The

The Page (taking his mother's hand again). But you will take this money, though; I beg you, my dear mamma, not to refuse me.

Mrs. Dorffen. Yes, my dear, I will take it. As others may impose upon you, I shall take care to---

The Page. To do what? to buy me a watch?

Mrs. Dorffen. Why, if you remain with the prince, you will want one.

The Page. Oh! no, no. The prince has watches in every room. He told me himself that I should not want one.

Mrs. Dorffen. But what he has given you was to buy one.

The Page. That is what he told me, however.

Mrs. Dorffen. You are deceiving me, my dear; and even your fondness for your mother should not make you tell a story.

The Page. A story? Then you do not believe me? Now I wish that his highness were here, I wish he would come. (*Turning about.*) Ah! here he is himself.

S C E N E

SCENE XI.

The Prince, Mrs. Dorffen, the Page.

The Page (running to meet the Prince).

Is not it true, fir, that you gave me twelve guineas at first, to buy a watch ?

The Prince (smiling). Yes, my man.

The Page. And did not you tell me afterwards, that I should not want one ?

The Prince. Yes, that is true too.

The Page (turning immediately towards his mother). Well, mamma, now ?

Mrs. Dorffen (confused). Your highness will be so good as to excuse the simplicity of a child who forgets the respect—

The Prince. Excuse it, madam ? that simplicity delights me, and I could wish to find it in every body ; it is so agreeable to nature. Well, my man, your mother would not believe you then ?

The Page (looking a little vexed). No, fir. At first she would not believe me, and afterwards she would not accept the money.

The Prince. What do you say ? accept ? Why, have you thought so little of my present,

sent, as to give it away again? I cannot suppose that.

The Page (hesitating). Sir—

The Prince. If I thought so, I should not be very ready to give you more. Come then, tell me the truth, is it so?

The Page (pointing to his mother). Ah! sir, my mamma is so poor!

The Prince (chucking him under the chin). Good little soul! Have you given up then the only object of your wishes, in order to relieve your mother? it would be very hard, indeed, that you should lose your watch for doing so. *(He takes out his own.)* There! if I had but this single watch, I would give it to you, to reward your affection.

The Page (taking it joyfully). Ah! sir. But does it go?

The Prince. Never fear; it goes very well. *(The Page runs to his mother, to shew her the watch.)*

The Prince. Come, my little friend, put up your watch. And since you have made so good use of the little that I gave you,
(gives

(*gives him his purse,*) here, take this. There are a hundred guineas instead of the first twelve.

The Page (*looking at him with astonishment*).
Sir!

The Prince. Do you hesitate? Here, take them.

The Page. What, the purse, fir, and all that is?—(*going to return it*) Indeed it is too much,

The Prince. Yes, for yourself. But I give it to you, that you may dispose of it. And who do you think wants it most?

The Page. Who wants it? (*looks at the Prince and his mother by turns.*) There, mamma, take it.

Mrs. Dorffen (*coming forward towards the Prince*). Your highness—

The Prince. Pray no acknowledgements, madam. You will find that it is very little, and I fear it may be of more arm to you than advantage. But (*pointing to the page*) I need not tell you that this child is too weak and too little for my service. At his

his age, children are hardly able to do much for others. In short, I hope you will have no objection to take him back again. You are silent.

Mrs. Dorffen. Your highness will excuse—

The Prince. What?

Mrs. Dorffen. I own, sir, I am wrong to blush for a poverty which I did not bring upon myself, and I may without disgrace ingenuously confess it to my sovereign. (*Coming nearer and looking steadfastly at him.*) Yes, sir; my circumstances are too narrow to maintain and bring up my son. I have long looked forward to the future with an anxious eye; and now my fears are real. I shall be the victim of grief. Ah! if I must carry back with me into the sorrowful retreat of misery this child that your highness returns to me, who is the only object of all my concern; this child who is too young as yet—(*endeavouring to contain her tears*)—to—feel the loss of a father—Ah! pardon a mother's weakness.

The

The Page (taking the prince's hand sorrowfully). Mamma is crying, sir.

The Prince. Well! supposing that you were to live with your mother?

The Page (with a look of entreaty). Your highness won't send me home?

The Prince. No? Do you think not? This confidence, my little friend, pleases me. Madam, he may stay. And yet it would be a pity if his morals, his innocence — But, no. There is nothing to fear as yet.

Mrs. Dorffen (looking at him attentively). His innocence, did your highness say?

The Prince. There is no fear, madam. You would imagine perhaps that I wish to draw back my word. But don't be uneasy.

Mrs. Dorffen (fearfully). Yet might I take the liberty, without breaking through the respect that I owe your highness, to request you to explain yourself?

The Prince. Madam, what I meant was this. I have for some time past been extremely

tremely dissatisfied with my pages. Their company and example might perhaps— Yet after all it is but a perhaps, and one may try—

Mrs. Dorffen (*eagerly seizing her son's hand*). No, sir.

The Prince (*affecting displeasure*). No? As you please, madam.

Mrs. Dorffen. My son's innocence is too dear to me. I shudder at the dangers to which I was going to expose him.

The Prince. But consider—

Mrs. Dorffen. I consider nothing; I see my son in the midst of the flames; and if I can but save him, no matter, though he should be naked.

The Prince. But without fortune, without education, madam, what will become of him?

Mrs. Dorffen. Whatever it shall please heaven. I submit to the divine will. If he cannot support his birth, let him go labour in the fields, let him die in poverty, but retain his innocence.

The

The Prince (in his natural manner). This is thinking nobly. Yes, madam, I see, you deserve every thing that I can possibly do for you. (*Coming nearer to her and speaking with earnestness.*) In what can I be of assistance to you? Tell me how I can serve you. Only speak, you see a friend before you.

Mrs. Dorffen (with emotion). Ah! sir—

The Prince. Tell me first of all what is your situation. How are you with regard to your estate?

Mrs. Dorffen. It will be absolutely impossible, sir, for me to save it.

The Prince. Your debts then are pretty considerable? You are at law now, I am told. Do not they give you any hopes?

Mrs. Dorffen. None, sir. One cause, concerning a small inheritance, should have been decided long ago in my favour. My title is indisputable. But interest and money are against it. Necessity brought me hither to town, in order to endeavour a compromise, but I could not succeed.

The

The Prince. So much the better. You shall have justice now, without making any sacrifice, I give you my word of honour; and accept moreover a pension of a hundred a year. I hope that it will put you above every necessity.

Mrs. Dorffen (*throwing herself at his feet*). Oh! sir, so much goodness! how shall I—

The Prince (*raising her*). What are you doing, madam? Rise, I request you. I only discharge what I owe to the memory of a man whose widow you are. I do for you no more than I would do for any one whose virtue I esteemed. Tell me, would you still hesitate to take back your child?

Mrs. Dorffen. Sir, could I so forget—

The Prince. And you, my little friend, would you like to go back with your mother?

The Page (*playing with his watch*). With my mother? Yes, sir.

The Prince. And yet now I know that
you

you love me, would not you like as well to stay with me?

The Page. Yes, very well, sir.

The Prince. Now, if that be so, were I to give you back to your mother, it would be sending you away from me, and you have asked me so earnestly to keep you here. Besides, your mother has thrown you into my arms. I must therefore take another way to settle matters. Stop here, madam, I shall be with you in a moment.

S C E N E XII.

Mrs. Dorffen, the Page.

Mrs. Dorffen (throwing herself into an arm chair). O blessed day! O unexpected happiness!

The Page. Well, mamma; well, are you glad?

Mrs. Dorffen (drawing him to her affectionately). O my son, my dear son!

The Page. But you do not rejoice. You ought to be merrier, mamma.

E

Mrs.

Mrs. Dorffen. Even my happiness makes me blush. It reproaches me for the little trust that I had in Providence, and for the sorrow that I felt when you came into the world. It was but a moment after I had heard of the loss of your father. I looked at you with pity, and lamented that you ever saw the light. (*She takes him in her arms and kisses him.*) Yet it was you that was to relieve your unfortunate mother! your young hands were to dry up her tears! O heaven! what can I now desire more? Nothing, nothing, but to be sure of your brother's lot, and then my happiness would be complete.

The Page. My brother's? Why, mamma, what of him?

Mrs. Dorffen. If the prince knew what he has done—

The Prince. And if he did, there would be nothing of it. You saw how good and how generous he is.

Mrs. Dorffen. To us, my dear, who are not guilty of any crime.

The Page. Besides, he promised me that he would not tell, and that the colonel should know nothing of it.

Mrs. Dorffen (*frightened*). What! he promised you!

The Page. Yes, indeed: so you need not be afraid.

Mrs. Dorffen. I am thunder-struck. You have told him then?

The Page. Nay, hardly any thing. Only all that I knew. And then he asked me concerning my brother's behaviour, and so I could not tell a fib. You know you bid me never to do so.

Mrs. Dorffen. But, my dear child—

The Page. Why, mamma, are you uneasy?

Mrs. Dorffen. Uneasy? O heavens! can you ask? Oh! if the prince should enquire farther,—if he should be informed—You may ruin your mother and your brother! you may plunge us all into the deepest misery.

The Page (ready to cry). The deepest misery?

Mrs. Dorffen. Somebody comes—(*She kisses and encourages him.*) Say not a word. Dry up your tears. They will only, perhaps, make the matter worse. Don't be uneasy.

S C E N E XIII.

Mrs. Dorffen, the Page, the Prince followed by Captain Derenboff, and Ensign Dorffen.

The Prince. Come in, gentlemen. (*To the ensign.*) You are ensign Dorffen, then? the son of that brave Major?

Ensign Dorffen (bowing very low). Yes, sir.

The Prince. That is a great recommendation with me. Your father was a man of honour and a brave officer. I have no doubt but his example rouses your emulation, and that you strive to make yourself worthy of him.

Ensign Dorffen. Sir, I only do my duty.

The

The Prince. That is doing every thing. The bravest man can do no more. There, sir, is your mother: her virtues, and the hopes that may be formed of this amiable child, have given me the most favourable idea of your family; and therefore I wished to see you all assembled here.

Ensign Dorffen (*still bowing*). Your highness does me particular honour!

The Prince. No more, certainly, than you deserve.

Ensign Dorffen. Your highness judges favourably of me.

The Prince. Really, sir, I only want to be confirmed in the opinion that I am tempted to form of you at present, in order to make your fortune: and yet that air of freedom and confidence that becomes you so well——

Ensign Dorffen. Ah! sir.

The Prince. Denotes (permit me to say) a heart either very noble, or very corrupt. The son of such parents cannot be suspected. Certainly not. Therefore, sir, what

can we do to serve you? A step higher would not advance you much in rank. What think you?

Ensign Dorffen (rubbing his hands). No, certainly, sir---

The Prince. Now, if we were to pass over this step? A company! the rank of captain! It is the main object with you young gentlemen. But first---(*turning short round to Capt. Derenboff*) Sir, what is your opinion of your nephew?

Capt. Derenboff (something confused). Mine, sir? My opinion?

The Prince. One would think it to be unfavourable.

Capt. Derenboff. No, sir, rather much the contrary; I believe that he has courage, and will be a brave---

The Prince (looking with satisfaction at ensign Dorffen). Ay? is that true?

Capt. Derenboff. Besides, he has a promising figure.

The Prince. He is a fine lad, I confess. But his behaviour, his morals? I am
ashamed,

ashamed, indeed, to ask you about such trifles. In short, what is his character?

Capt. Derenkoff (smiling). Oh! a little too airy, sometimes petulant. After all, sir, you know, that does not misbecome a soldier.

The Prince. I know? Really that is something new to me. I want now, madam, only your testimony. What will you say of your son?—(*After a pause*) Nothing?

Mrs. Dorffen. What should I say of him?

The Prince. What you think. The truth.

Mrs. Dorffen. But can I, sir? If I had reason to praise him, would you wish me to do it in his presence? or should I speak to his prejudice before him who can determine his fortune?

The Prince (smiling). Excellent, madam. To the fondness of a mother you join the address of a woman. I cannot but admire you. (*In a serious tone*) Sir,

every one has his way. I have mine. When I mean to advance an officer, I begin with putting him under arrest. What do you think of it?

Ensign Dorffen (frightened). Sir---

The Prince. Yes, that is my manner. Give up your sword to the captain. An air of more modesty would have excused all. But this confidence, this undaunted tone---What can be expected from a person who with your conscience is master of such assurance? who should be sensible that he has deserved my displeasure? who knows how unworthily he has treated the best of mothers? and who nevertheless---Sir, let him be confined for a month. I will have no explanation upon what is past, and that on your account, madam, and because of the manner in which I came by my information; but particularly because circumstances make me presume that his fault is of a weighty nature---(*With a severe and determined voice*) Captain, if hereafter any thing should happen, I desire to be informed

formed of it immediately, you understand ? immediately. I mean to advance this young man ; and neither you (*to the captain*), nor (*in a gentler tone*) you, madam, shall make me alter my plan—Never give him any thing, never the smallest trifle by way of present. His pay may serve him ; and let him learn to contract his expences. (*Making a sign with his hand*) Go, sir, to your confinement. (*The two officers go out.*)

SCENE XIV.

The Prince, Mrs. Dorffen, the Page.

The Prince. Well, madam, you seem dejected.

Mrs. Dorffen (respectfully). Sir, I am a mother.

The Prince. But you are not one of those weak mothers, who, to spare their children a slight mortification, chuse not to correct them.

Mrs. Dorffen. That would be a very false tenderness. No, sir, I only fear that he may have lost for ever his prince's favour.

The Prince. Do not be uneasy, madam. My design is barely to make him worthy of the favours that I mean to bestow on him. His youth claims some indulgence, therefore I excuse his levities and indiscretion; but I shall not always do so. What in one person brings back the love of virtue along with repentance, will in another strengthen his inclination to vice. Upon the whole, make yourself easy. The young gentleman will come to himself, and I shall proportion my favour to his improvement. (*Turning to the page.*) As to this child, do you know what my intentions are?

Mrs. Dorffen. Whatever they are, sir, they will only aim to secure his happiness. O, sir! I have never let pass a day without paying to your virtues the tribute of my homage, but I now see how far it fell below them.

The Prince. What would you say, madam? You do not know me. My object is to give the state a worthy member, and myself a faithful servant, and to raise up for my
my

THE PAGE.

83

my son a friend who may one day be ready to sacrifice his life for him as his father has done for me.

SCENE XV.

The Prince, Mrs. Dorffen, the Page, Attendant.

Attendant. Please your highness, the Master of the Royal Academy.

The Prince. Let him come in. I hope, madam, that you need only to be informed of my intentions to approve them.

SCENE XVI.

The Prince, Mrs. Dorffen, the Page, the Master of the Academy.

The Master (bowing). I am come according to your highness's orders.

The Prince. Your servant, sir, I am glad to see you. What do children of the first condition pay at the Royal Academy?

The Master. Of the first condition, sir? That is as parents agree.

The Prince. However, mention the terms.

The Master. Sixty pounds, sir.

The Prince. Very well. This child I mean to send to you. And as I shall be instead of a father to him, I propose to do as much for him as the best gentlemen do for their children. But tell me, who has the care of attending to these young persons? for that is the essential point.

The Master. The different masters, sir.

The Prince. Who are, I suppose, qualified for their employment. But I do not know them. It is on you alone, sir, that I wish to depend. You have gained my confidence. Would you be so good as to take this child particularly under your own care?

The Master. Sir, it is my duty.

The Prince. I do not mean to make it a duty to you. Will it be agreeable?

The Master. Sir, my duty is always agreeable to me.

The Prince. Very well. You may depend

pend then on my gratitude. (*To the Page, as he takes him by the hand.*) Come hither, my man; do you see this gentleman? he is mild and good-natured; would you like to go and live with him?

The Page (*after looking a moment at the master*). Yes, sir.

The Prince. But observe, you are to look upon this gentleman as your master, as your benefactor. You are to shew him the greatest obedience, and the most dutiful respect; and if ever he has reason to complain of you—

The Page. Oh! sir, he never shall.

The Prince. You have seen that I can be as severe as I am gentle. So that at the smallest complaint—

The Page (*bowing respectfully to the master*). I hope, sir, you shall never have reason to complain of me.

The Prince. How do you like this child?

The Master. It is enough, sir, that I receive him from your hands; that will make him always dear to me as my own son.

The

The Prince. Well then, he may go with you. You have no objection, madam?

Mrs. Dorffen. Heavens, sir! objection?

The Prince. Go then, my dear; and never quit the paths of virtue and honour. I have only to add, that you may make yourself easy; you shall never want. But why so dull?

The Page (taking the prince's hand). I wish your highness all happiness.

The Prince (tenderly). And I you the same, my good little friend. God bless you, my dear. How grateful his heart is already! Now, sir, you may take him: and you, madam, accompany this gentleman, and see where your son is to be.

Mrs. Dorffen (throwing herself at his feet). Can I leave your highness without humbly—

The Prince. What are you doing, madam? I do not like this.

Mrs. Dorffen. Permit me to—

The Prince (raising her). By no means. Rise,

LITTLE JACK.

Rise, madam. I cannot suffer that in any body.

Mrs. Dorffen. Well, I obey your highness, and take my leave—(*Lifting up her hands.*) I will bend then before my Maker, and pray him to protect for ever so generous a Prince.

The Prince (with condescension, accompanying her a few steps). Farewel, madam, I wish you happy.

LITTLE JACK.

MR. Churchill was returning home one day on horseback, after taking a ride about his own estate. As he passed by the wall of a burying-ground belonging to a small village, he heard the groans of a person on the other side. This worthy gentleman had a heart too full of compassion to
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hesitate in flying to the relief of the unfortunate person whom he heard groan. He alighted, and giving his horse to the servant who followed him, sprung over the enclosure of the burying-ground. He stood on tiptoe, and looking all round, at length perceived in a corner, at the farthest end, a grave covered with earth that was still quite fresh. Upon this grave lay, at his full length, a child about five years old, who was weeping. Mr. Churchill approached him with looks of kindness, and said to him, What dost thou do there, my little friend?

Child. I am calling my mother. They laid her here yesterday, and she does not get up.

Mr. C. That is because she is dead, my poor child.

Child. Yes, they say that she is dead, but I cannot believe it. She was so well the other day, when she left me with old Susan our neighbour; she told me she was to come back, but she does not come. My father

father is gone away too, and my little brother, and now the other little boys of the town won't have me.

Mr. Ch. Won't have you? why so?

Child. I do not know; but when I want to go along with them, they drive me away, and leave me by myself. And they say naughty things too, about my father and mother. That is what vexes me most of all. O mammy, get up, get up!

Mr. Churchill's eyes filled with tears. You say that your father is gone away, and your brother too; where are they gone?

Child. I do not know where my father is; and my little brother went away yesterday to another town. There came a gentleman all in black, just like our parson, and took him away.

Mr. Ch. And where do you live now?

Child. With our neighbour Susan. I am to be there until my mother comes back, as she promised me. I love my other mammy Susan very well; but (*pointing to the grave*) I love my mammy that is here a great deal better.

better. O mother, mother! why do you lie so long? when will you get up?

Mr. Ch. My poor child, you call her in vain, for you will never awake her.

Child. Well then, I will lie down here, and sleep by her. Ah! I saw her when they put her into a great chest to carry her away. Oh! how white she was! and how cold! I will lie down here and sleep by her.

Mr. Churchill could no longer refrain from tears. He stooped down, took the child up in his arms, and kissing him tenderly, said, What is your name, my poor little fellow?

Child. They call me Jackey when I am good, and when I am a bad boy they call me you Jack.

Mr. Churchill, though in tears, smiled at this answer. Will you take me to Susan? Oh yes, yes, sir, answered the child; and running before Mr. Churchill as fast as his little legs could go, conducted him to Susan's door. Susan was not a little surprized on seeing

seeing a gentleman enter her cottage with little Jack, who pointing to her, and running to hide his face in her lap, said, That is she; that is my other mammy. She knew not what to think of so extraordinary a visit. Mr. Churchill, however, did not leave her long in suspense. He expressed to her the situation in which he had found the child, and the compassion that he felt for him; and at the same time requested her to favour him with every information concerning the parents of little Jack. Susan bade him be seated, and placing herself close by him, began thus:—The father of this child is a shoemaker, whose house joins mine. He is an honest, sober, laborious man, under thirty, and a comely person. His wife was a handsome woman, but did not get her health well. Withal, she was very careful, and a good housewife. They were married about seven years ago, lived vastly well together, and would have made the happiest couple in the world, if they had been a little better in their affairs.

John

John had nothing but his trade, and Margaret being left an orphan, brought her husband only a little money that she had saved in the service of a worthy clergyman, the curate of the next parish. This little sum was laid out in buying a bed, and a few other articles of household furniture, with a small stock of leather for his work. In spite of their poverty, they contrived to maintain themselves during the first years of their marriage, by dint of labour and good management. But children came on, and then began their difficulties. Yet still they might have made it out by doubling their industry, if misfortunes had not happened to them. Poor Margaret, who had worked in the fields every day during the hay-time, to bring home some money at night to her husband, fell sick of fatigue, and continued so all the harvest and all winter. Physic is very expensive, and then besides, the work did not go on so well, because John's customers left him one by one, as they were afraid of being ill served
in

in a house where there was a sick wife. At last Margaret grew better, but her husband's business declined. He was obliged to borrow money to pay the apothecary; and having lost all his customers, he was now quite out of work. At the same time Margaret could earn nothing; her strength was so much reduced that nobody would give her employment. Besides, the rent of their house, and the interest of the money that they had borrowed, came heavily upon them. They were obliged more than once to suffer hunger, and thought themselves very happy when they had a morsel of bread to give to their children. At these words little Jack withdrew into a corner, and began to sob. With all this it happened that their hard-hearted landlord, seeing them not able to pay the rent of the two winter quarters, threatened John to put him in gaol. They begged hard of him to have patience until the hay-making came on, because then they could earn something by working in the fields; but neither their entreaties nor their
tears

tears could soften him, though he is the richest man in the place. It was with much ado that he allowed them a month's delay; but he swore that if at the end of that time he was not paid the whole, he would sell their furniture, and put John in prison. Their house was now a picture of melancholy and patient distress, capable of softening a heart of stone. You may believe me, Sir; I have often been grieved to the soul on hearing the complaints of these good neighbours, and not being able to relieve them. I went once myself to their landlord, and prayed him to have compassion on their extremity. I offered to pawn to him all that I possessed in the world. But it was to no purpose. You are no better than they are, answered he; this it is to have such trash of tenants as you are all together. Ah! sir, (*here the tears trickled down Susan's cheeks*) I bore this reproach patiently, that I might not provoke him still more; but oh! how I suffered in being no more than a poor widow, and in not being able to afford the least comfort

fort to those worthy people ! How much good the rich might do if they had the same inclination as the poor ! But to return to our unfortunate neighbours : I advised Margaret to make known her distresses to the clergyman with whom she had lived some years as an honest and worthy servant, and to beg of him to advance her some money. She answered me, that she would speak about it to her husband, but that she could hardly think of doing so, because the curate might imagine that they were reduced to want through their own bad management. Three days ago she brought me her two children as she used to do, and begged me to take care of them till the evening. She intended to go to a neighbouring village, and try if she could have some hemp from the weaver to spin, in order to clear her debt. She could never bring herself to go before the clergyman her old master ; but her husband was to go in her stead, and he had set off the same day. I took charge of the children with pleasure, for I loved them
very

very well, having been at the birth of them. Margaret, as she was going, clasped them to her breast and kissed them, as if it were the last time that ever she should see them. Her eyes were swimming in tears, and she said to the eldest, Jackey, I am to be back very soon, and then I'll come and fetch you. She took me by the hand, thanked me for being so good as to look after her children, kissed them once more, and departed. A little time after, I heard an odd sort of noise in her house, that went thump, as it were; but imagining that she was gone out, I supposed it might be only the inner door clapping to, and so did not think any more about it. Well, the evening came on, it grew dark night, and I saw nothing of my neighbour. I thought I would go to her house, and see if she was gone in to lay her hemp down before she came to fetch the children. I found the door open, and went in. But o heavens! how was I struck on beholding Margaret stretched at her length, stone dead, at the foot of the stairs!

As

As for me, I stood motionless, and as cold as a stone. I did not know what to do. At length, after trying in vain to recover her, I ran to the surgeon, who came, and feeling her pulse, shook his head, and sent directly for the coroner. They held an inquest, the surgeon being present, to examine how she came by her death; and they brought it in that she must have died suddenly, or that having fallen into a fit, and not being able to call for help, she expired in that condition. I can easily imagine how it happened. She had returned into her own house to go up to the loft for the bag that was to hold her hemp, and as her eyes were still dimmed with tears, she had missed her step in coming down, and fallen from the top of the stairs, with her head foremost, on the ground. The bag that was beside her shewed it plainly. Yet for all that, the coroner thought otherwise. So the body was ordered to be buried the next morning before day-light in a corner of the church-yard, and an enquiry to be made after John, to know what was

F

become

become of him. I proposed to the parish officers to keep the two children myself: for though I find it hard enough to live, yet, thought I, the bounteous God knows that I am a helpless widow, and if these two children come to my charge, will surely assist me to feed them. The younger brother to this did not stay long with me. Yesterday, of all days, and even not long after Margaret had been buried, did the worthy curate her old master come by chance to see her. He knocked for some time at her door, and as nobody opened, he came to my window and asked me what was become of John Johnson the shoemaker that lived in the next house. I told him that if he would give himself the trouble to step in a moment, I had many things to tell him. He came in, and sat down there, just were you are. I told him all that had happened, which made him shed tears. Afterwards I told him that John had some thoughts of applying to him in his distress. He seemed surprized, and assured me positively that he

had

had not seen John. The two children came up to him, and he fondled them a good deal. Little Jack asked him if he could not awake his mother, who had been a long time asleep. The tears came into the good curate's eyes when he heard the child talk so; and he said to me, Good woman, I will send to-morrow for these two little boys, and I will keep them at home with me. If their father returns, and should be able to bring them up, I shall restore them to him whenever he requires it. In the mean time I will take charge of their education. All this was not very agreeable to me; for I love these little innocents as if I were their mother, and it would have given me some pain to see them snatched from me so soon. Doctor, said I to him, I cannot consent to part with these children. I am used to them, and they are used to me.— Well then, my good woman, you must give me one of them, and I will leave you the other, since he is likely to be so happy with you; and from time to time I shall send you something towards his maintenance. I could

not refuse the good parson this. He asked little Jack if he should not like to go with him. What, there where my mother is? said Jack; oh yes, with all my heart.—No, my little man, I do not mean there! but to my handsome house, and my handsome garden.—No, no, let me stay here with Susan. I'll go every day to where my mother is. I would rather go there than to your handsome garden. The good gentleman did not chuse to trouble the child more, who had gone to hide himself behind the curtains of my bed. He told me that he would send his man for the youngest, who would give me more trouble than the other; and, at his going, left me some money for this child. This, sir, is all that I have to inform you of the parents of little Jack. What doubles my uneasiness at present is that John does not return; and that a report goes in the parish, that he is gone to join a gang of smugglers, and that his wife killed herself for grief. These stories have gained such ground in the village, that there is no

one, even to the children, but talks of them; and whenever my poor Jack would go amongst the other boys, they drive him away, and are ready to beat him. The poor child is quite dull, and never stirs out now, unless to go to his mother's grave.

Mr. Churchill had listened in silence to Susan's account, and was deeply affected by it. Little Jack was come again close up to her. He looked at her with fondness, and called her several times his mother. At length Mr. Churchill said to Susan, My worthy woman, you have conducted yourself very generously towards this unfortunate family: God will not fail to reward you for it.

Susan. I have done no more than my duty. We are sent into this world to assist and relieve each other. I always thought that I could do nothing more pleasing in the sight of God for all the blessings that I have received from him, than to comfort my poor neighbours to the utmost of my power. Ah! if I could have done more than I did!

But I am possessed of nothing in the world except my cottage, a little garden where I have a few greens, and what I can earn by the work of my hands. Nevertheless, for these eight years that I have been a widow, God has always given me an honest support, and I hope will do so while I live.

Mr. Ch. But if you keep this child, the expence of maintaining him may be very inconvenient to you, before he be capable of earning his bread.

Susan. I shall always take care not to let him want. We will share even to my last morsel of bread.

Mr. Ch. And how are you to furnish him with clothes?

Susan. I leave the care of that to him who clothes the fields with grass and the trees with leaves. He has given me fingers to sew and spin; they shall work to clothe our poor little orphan. Whosoever can pray and work, will never want.

Mr. Ch. Then you are resolved to keep little Jack with yourself.

Susan.

Susan. Always, sir; I could not live under the thought of sending away this destitute infant from me, or of letting him come upon the parish.

Mr. Ch. You are, I suppose, related to his family?

Susan. No otherwise than as neighbours and fellow-christians.

Mr. Ch. Then, as I am also related to both of you, by religion and humanity, I will not suffer you alone to have all the honour of doing good to this orphan, since God has provided me with the means for it more amply than you, Commit the education of little Jack to my care; and since you are so strongly attached to each other, and that your benevolence merits my esteem as much as the child's affection for his mother, I will take you both home with me, and provide for you. Sell your garden and your cottage, and come live at my house; there you shall have a comfortable support and a home for the rest of your life.

Susan (looking at him affectionately). Do

not be angry at me, sir. May God reward you for all your goodness ! but I cannot accept your offers.

Mr. Ch. And why ?

Susan. In the first place, I am fond of the spot where I was born, and have lived so long ; then again, I could not suit myself to the bustle of a great house, nor to the sight of so many folks in a family ; neither am I used to ease or nice living. I should fall sick if I had nothing to do, or if I eat finer food than ordinary. Let me bide therefore in my cottage with my little Jack : it will do him no harm to live a little hard. Nevertheless, if you chuse to send him now and then a small matter, to pay for his schooling, and to furnish him with tools for whatever trade he may take up, the gracious God will not fail to pay you an hundred fold ; at least this boy and I will pray daily for you that he may. I have no child ; he shall be instead of one to me ; and what little I possess shall belong to him, whenever it pleases the Lord to call me to himself.

Mr.

Mr. Ch. Well then, be it so. I do not wish that what I mean well should make you unhappy. I will leave little Jack with you, since you are so well together. Talk to him often of me, and tell him that I am in the place of a father to him, while you, on the other hand, will take upon you the cares and the name of the mother for whom he grieves so much. I shall send you every month what may be sufficient for your subsistence. I will come frequently to see you; and my visit shall be as much on your account as his.

Susan lifted up her eyes to heaven, and implored its favours on Mr. Churchill. She then said to the child, Come hither, Jackey, and ask this gentleman's blessing; he will be your father now. The little boy did so; but said presently to Susan, How can he be my daddy? he wears no apron. Mr. Churchill smiled at this innocent question of little Jack, and throwing his purse on the table, Farewel, said he, generous Susan! farewel, my little friend! it shall not

be long before you see me again. He then left them, and mounting his horse, took the road that led to the parish where the curate lived who had taken home the younger orphan. He found the curate reading a letter, on which he now and then shed tears. After the first civilities, Mr. Churchill explained the subject of his visit to the worthy divine, and asked him if he knew what was become of the father of those two unfortunate children. Sir, answered the curate, it is not a quarter of an hour since I received this letter, written by him to his wife. It was enclosed in one to me, and contains a small draft for the use of his wife: he requests me to deliver it to her, and to console her for his absence. As she is dead, I have opened the letter: here it is; be so kind as to read it. Mr. Churchill eagerly took the letter, and read as follows:

Dear wife,

I CANNOT think without uneasiness on the trouble that my absence must have occasioned
you,

you. But let me inform you of what has happened to me. Being on my way to the clergyman's house, I began to think in this manner: Of what use will it be to me to go begging thus? I shall only get rid of one debt by contracting another, and shall gain nothing but the uneasiness of thinking how to pay it. I that am yet young, and can work, to go and ask so much money! I shall be taken either for an idle fellow, or a drinker. The parson, to be sure, married us, and loves us as his children; but if he were to take a dislike, and refuse me! or on the other hand, if he were not able to relieve us! And then supposing that he advanced me the sum for a year, should I be sure to have it in my power to pay him? And if I did not, should not I be as bad as a thief? It would be defrauding him. Thus I reasoned, my dear Margaret, and began afterwards to think how I might extricate our affairs by acting in a juster manner. I often sighed and put up my prayers to heaven. At last it came into my head all at once, thought I, you are

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still a young man, you are stout and able bodied, what harm would there be if you went on board of a man of war for a few years? You can read and write, and cast accounts pretty well. You may still make a fortune for your wife and children; at least you may clear all your debts. Consider that if you have good success, and happen on some prize money, it will be the making of your wife. For above half an hour these were my thoughts, when at last I saw part of a press-gang at a distance behind me. They soon came up with me, and asked me whence I came, where I was bound, and whether I would go as a volunteer? I seemed at first not to like the sea, but they questioned me again, and promised me a bounty of five pounds. I told them that for so much I would serve during the war. Done, said they. Come along with us, my lad, and the affair shall be settled presently. They brought me before the lieutenant, who asked me some questions; and I answered them so much to his satisfaction

saction that he advanced my bounty immediately. And thus, my dear Margaret, I have entered the king's service to clear my affairs. I send you a draft for the five pounds. I would not keep a penny of it. Pay the forty shillings that we owe, and whatsoever else may be due. With the remainder do the best you can to keep house. Live well, that you may recover your strength. Clothe our children, and send them soon to school. I know that although you are handy and careful, you will not be able to make this sum last very long. But patience! my wages are 17s. 6d. *per* month; I will try if I cannot find a way to forward part of them to you at the end of a few months; and whenever we arrive in harbour, I shall ask leave to go on shore on purpose to see you. My dear Margaret, do not grieve; trust in God. We may soon have a peace. I will then return to you, and we shall begin housekeeping together once more. My lieutenant has promised me to write to our church-wardens, that the
parish

parish may not be uneasy on my account. Bring up our children carefully; make them stick to home and be fond of work. Pray with them every day, and teach them their duty, that they may grow up to be honest men; for you are very capable of instructing them well. Live in the fear of the Lord, pray to him for me, and I will pray to him in your behalf. Answer me soon. You have only to give your letter to the doctor, he knows best how to direct it. Remember me to the two boys. Tell Jack that if he is a good lad, I will bring him home something at my return. God be praised for all things. Continue still to love me, who remain

Your ever faithful husband,

JOHN JOHNSON.

Mr. Churchill's eyes were filled with tears while he read this letter. When he had finished it, This man, cried he, may truly be called a good husband, a good father, and an honest man! Sir, there is a
real

real pleasure in contributing to the happiness of such excellent people. As to John's debts, I will pay them, and will enable him besides to take up his trade again decently. Let this money remain for the children who have cost their father dear; and let it be divided between them as soon as they are capable of doing for themselves. Till then keep it in your hands, and speak to them at times of it as of the strongest proof of a father's affection. I will pay you interest for it, to be joined with the capital; for I wish to have some part in this sacred deposit. The worthy curate was too much affected to be able to answer Mr. Churchill. The latter understood the force of his silence, and squeezing him by the hand, took his leave.

All his designs in favour of John have been executed. John, being safe returned, enjoys an easiness of circumstances which he never experienced before; and would be the happiest of men, but for his grief for the loss of Margaret. He finds no other
comfort

comfort than in talking of her constantly with Susan. This worthy woman looks upon herself as his sister, and as a mother to his children. Little Jack never lets a single day pass without going to his mother's grave. He has made so good a use of Mr. Churchill's generosity, in improving himself, that this excellent gentleman has it in view to establish him in the most advantageous manner. He has taken the same care of John's younger son, and he never mounts his horse without recalling to mind this affecting incident. Whenever he meets any subject of chagrin, he goes to see the persons whom he has made happy, and always returns home relieved of every uneasy sensation.



DIRTY BOOTS.

To face page 113.



M. Brown del.

Skelton sculp.

THE DIRTY BOOTS.

CESARIO, proud of his high birth, was not content with inwardly despising every one inferior to himself in point of fortune, but presumed to take such airs upon him as evinced the scorn with which he looked upon them. As it chanced, one day he saw his father's footman cleaning shoes. Foooh ! what a filthy business ! cried he, as he passed him, turning up his nose : for all the world I would not be a shoe-black. — Very likely so, said John ; and I, for my part, hope that I shall never be *your* shoe-black.

All the last week's weather had been very bad, but now it was grown clear and bright ; on which account young Cefario got his father's leave to take a ride on horse-back. Now the promise of this ride afforded him the greater pleasure, as the day before, when he was out, he had been hinder-
ed,

ed, by a heavy shower of rain, from going far. However, he had been already far enough to splash his boots from top to bottom, and they were not yet quite dry.

Transported with the thought of so much pleasure, he ran down to John, who was at breakfast in the kitchen, and with an imperious tone of voice, cried out, "John, John! I am going out on horseback! Run and clean my boots! Well, don't you hear me?" John pretended that he did not, and continued at his breakfast, quite composed. It was in vain that our Cesario put himself into a passion, and bestowed an hundred terms upon him. John contented himself with answering him very indifferently, "I have told you, sir, already, if you recollect, that I hoped I never should become *your* shoe-black."

In the mean time Cesario, seeing that he could not, in spite of all his menaces, get John to do as he desired, returned quite full of rage, and made complaint about him to his father. Mr. Maxwell could not comprehend

prehend why John refused a business that belonged to his employment, and which hitherto he had performed without expecting orders for that purpose; so he sent to speak a little with him, and was told of the whole affair.

His conduct was fully approved by Mr. Maxwell, who not only blamed his son, but told him that he might go and clean his boots himself, or stay at home, whichever he thought proper. He forbade the other servants to assist him in this business. "You will learn, sir, (added he,) how silly it is to look with scorn on services that contribute to our comfort and convenience; services, the rigour of which you should rather strive to soften, by a gentleness of manners in yourself. So, since a *shoe-black's* trade is so disgraceful, be so kind as to ennoble it, by being for the future your own shoe-black."

Such a sentence turned his promised pleasure into sorrow. He was very eager for a ride on horseback, it was such fine weather; but—to clean his boots himself! he could
not

not stoop to such an office. On the other hand, his pride would not permit him to go out with dirty boots, in which case every one he met would ridicule him. He applied successively to every servant in the house, with offers of money to corrupt them, but not one could be prevailed upon to disobey his master's order. Thus, then, Cesario was obliged to stay at home, till in the end his pride permitted him to stoop so low as the conditions laid upon him. On the morrow, John resumed his office without bidding; and the humbled Cesario, having exercised it once, would never afterwards gratify his pride, by vilifying what was in itself so useful.

THE SWORD.

A DRAMA in ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

LORD ONSBURGH.

AUGUSTUS, *his Son.*

HENRIETTA, *his Daughter.*

ELDER RAYNTON,

YOUNGER RAYNTON, } *Friends of*

ELDER DUDLEY, } *Augustus.*

YOUNGER DUDLEY,

CRABE, *a Servant to Lord Onsburch.*

SCENE, *the Apartment of Augustus.*

SCENE I.

Augustus.

A H A! this is my birth-day! They did well to tell me, otherwise I should never have thought of it. Well, it will bring me some new present from papa. But, let's

let's see what will he give me? Crape had something under his coat when he went into papa's room. He would not let me go in with him. Ah! if I were not obliged to appear a little more sedate than usual, I should have forced him to shew me what he was carrying. But hift! I shall soon know it. Here comes my papa.

SCENE II.

Lord Onsburgh (holding in his hand a sword and belt), Augustus.

Lord Onsb. Ah! are you there, Augustus? I have already wished you joy of your birthday; but that is not enough, is it?

Aug. Oh! papa—but what have you in your hand there?

Lord Onsb. Something that I fear will not become you well. A sword; look ye!

Aug. What! is it for me? Oh! give it to me, dear papa; I will be so good and so diligent for the future—

Lord Onsb. Ah! if I thought that! But
do

do you know that a sword requires a man? That he must be no longer a child who wears one, but should conduct himself with circumspection and decency; and, in short, that it is not the sword that adorns the man, but the man that adorns the sword.

Aug. Oh! never fear me. I shall adorn mine, I warrant! and I'll have nothing to say to those mean persons—

Lord Onsb. Whom do you call those mean persons?

Aug. I mean those who cannot wear a sword and a bag: those who are not of the nobility, as you and I are.

Lord Onsb. For my part, I know no mean persons but those who have a wrong way of thinking, and a worse of conducting themselves; who are disobedient to their parents, rude and unmannerly to others: so that I see many mean persons among the nobility, and many noble amongst those whom you call mean.

Aug. Yes, I think in the same manner.

Lord Onsb. What were you talking then
just

just now, of a bag and sword? Do you think that the real advantages of nobility consist in those fopperies? They serve to distinguish ranks, because it is necessary that ranks should be distinguished in the world. But the most elevated rank does only add more disgrace to the man unworthy to fill it.

Aug. So I believe, papa. But it will be no disgrace to me to have a sword, and to wear it.

Lord Onsb. No. I mean that you will render yourself worthy of this distinction no otherwise than by your good behaviour. Here is your sword, but remember—

Aug. Oh! yes, papa. You shall see!
(*He endeavours to put the sword by his side, but cannot. Lord Onsburgh helps him to buckle it on.*)

Lord Onsb. Eh? why it does not fit so ill.

Aug. Does it now? Oh! I knew that.

Lord Onsb. It becomes you surprizingly. But, above all things, remember what I told you. Good bye! (*Going, he returns.*) I
had

I had forgot. I have just sent for your little party of friends to spend this day with you. Observe to behave yourself suitably.

Aug. Yes, papa.

S C E N E III.

Augustus.

(He struts up and down the stage, and now and then looks back to see if his sword be behind him.) This is fine! this is being something like a gentleman! let any of your citizens come in my way now. No more familiarity if they do not wear a sword: and if they take it amiss—Aha!—out with my rapier. But hold! let us see first if it has a good blade. *(Drawing his sword and using furious gestures.)* What, does that tradesman mean to affront me?—One, two!—Ah! you defend yourself, do you?—Die, scoundrel!

G

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

Henrietta, Augustus.

Henrietta (who screams on hearing those last words). Bless me! Augustus, are you mad?

Aug. Is it you, sister?

Henrietta. Yes, you see it is. But what do you do with that instrument? (*pointing to the sword.*)

Aug. Do with it? what a gentleman should do.

Henrietta. And who is he that you are going to fend out of the world?

Aug. The first that shall dare to take the wall of me!

Henrietta. I see there are many lives in danger. And if I should happen to be the person—

Aug. You?—I would not advise you. I wear a sword now, you see. Papa made me a present of it.

Henrietta. I suppose to go and kill people, right or wrong.

Aug.

Aug. An't I the honourable? If they do not give me the respects due, smack, a box on the ear: and if your little commoner will be impertinent—sword in hand—(*going to draw it.*)

Henrietta. Oh! leave it in quiet, brother. And lest I should run the risque of affronting you unknowingly, I wish to be informed what the respect is that you demand.

Aug. You shall soon see. My father has just sent for some of my young acquaintance. If those little puppies do not behave themselves respectfully, you shall see how I will manage.

Henrietta. Very well; but I ask you what we must do to behave ourselves respectfully towards you?

Aug. In the first place, I insist upon a low bow; very low.

Henrietta (*with an affected gravity making him a low curtsy*). Your lordship's most humble servant. Was that well?

Aug. No joking, Henrietta, if you please, or else—

Henrietta. Nay, I am quite serious, I assure you. We must take care to know and perform our duty to respectable persons. It would not be amiss to inform your little friends too.

Aug. Oh! I will have some sport with those fellows; give one a pull, t'other a pinch, and play all sorts of tricks on them.

Henrietta. Those, I take it, are some of the duties of a gentleman that wears a sword; but if those *fellows* should not like the sport, and return it on the gentleman's ears—

Aug. What! low vulgar blood? No, they have neither hearts nor swords.

Henrietta. Really, papa could not have given you a more useful present. He saw plainly what a hero was concealed in the person of his son, and that he wanted but a sword to shew him in his proper light.

Aug. Hark ye, sister! it is my birth-day, we must divert ourselves. However, you will not say any thing of it to papa.

Henrietta.

Henrietta. Why not? he would not have given you a sword, if he did not expect some exploit of this sort from a gentleman newly equipt. Would he have advised you otherwise?

Aug. Certainly! you know that he is always preaching to me.

Henrietta. What has he been preaching to you, then?

Aug. I don't know, not I. That I should adorn my sword, and not my sword me.

Henrietta. In that case you understood him properly, I must say. To adorn one's sword, is to know how to make use of it; and you are willing to shew already that you have that knowledge.

Aug. Very well, sister! You think to joke; but I would have you to know, madam—

Henrietta. Oh! I know extremely well all that you can tell me; but do you know too, that there is one principal ornament wanting to your sword?

Aug. What is that? (*Unbuckles the belt, and looks all over the sword.*) I do not see that there is the least thing wanting.

Henrietta. Really, you are a very clever swordsman. But a sword-knot, now? Ah! how a blue and silver knot would dangle from that hilt!

Aug. You are right, Henrietta. Hark ye! you have a whole band-box full of ribbands in your room; so—

Henrietta. I was thinking of it; provided that you do not give me a specimen of your fencing, or lay your blade about me in return.

Aug. Nonsense! here is my hand, that is enough; you have nothing to fear. But quick—a handsome knot! When my little party comes, they shall see me in all my grandeur.

Henrietta. Give it to me, then.

Aug. (*giving her the sword*). There, make haste; you will leave it in my room, on the table, that I may find it when I want it.

Henrietta. Depend on me.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Augustus, Henrietta, Crape.

Crape. The two Master Dudleys, and the Master Rayntons, are below.

Aug. Well! cannot they come up? Must I go to receive them at the bottom of the stairs?

Crape. My lady ordered me to tell you to come and meet them.

Aug. No, no; it is better to wait for them here.

Henrietta. Nay, but since mamma desires that you will go down—

Aug. Indeed, they are worth all that ceremony! Well, I shall go directly. Come, what are you doing? Will this make my sword-knot? Go, run, and let me find it on my table, properly done. (*Going out.*) Do you hear?

SCENE VI.

Henrietta.

The little insolent ! in what a tone he speaks to me ! Luckily I have the sword. A proper instrument, indeed, in the hand of so quarrelsome a boy ! Yes, yes, stay till I return it to you. My papa does not know you so well as I ; but he must be told—Ah ! here he is.

SCENE VII.

Lord Onsburgh, Henrietta.

Henrietta. You are come in good time, papa. I was going to you.

Lord Onsb. What have you then of so much consequence to tell me ?—But what do you do with your brother's sword ?

Henrietta. I have promised him to put a handsome knot to it ; but it was only to get this dangerous weapon out of his hands.

Do

Do not give it to him again, whatever you do.

Lord Onsb. Why should I take back a present that I have given him?

Henrietta. At least be so good as to keep it until he becomes more peaceable. I just now found him all alone, laying about him like Don Quixote, and threatening to make his first trial of fencing upon his companions that come to see him.

Lord Onsb. The little quarreller! If he will use it for his first exploits, they shall not turn out to his honour, I promise you. Give me this sword.

Henrietta (gives him the sword). There, sir. I hear him on the stairs.

Lord Onsb. Run, make his knot, and bring it to me when it is ready. (*They go out.*)

SCENE VIII.

Augustus, elder Dudley, younger Dudley, elder Raynton, younger Raynton.

(Augustus enters first, with his hat on; the others follow him, uncovered.)

Elder Dudley (aside to elder Raynton).
This is a very polite reception.

Elder Raynton (aside to elder Dudley).
I suppose it is the fashion now to receive company with one's hat on, and to walk before them, in one's own house.

Aug. What are you mumbling there?

Elder Dudley. Nothing, Mr. Onsburch; nothing.

Aug. Is it something that I should not hear?

Elder Raynton. Perhaps it may.

Aug. Now I insist upon knowing it.

Elder Raynton. When you have a right to demand it.

Elder Dudley. Softly, Raynton! It does not become us in a strange house—

Elder

Elder Raynton. It is still less becoming, to be unpolite in one's own house.

Aug. (haughtily) Unpolite! I unpolite! Is it because I walked before you?

Elder Raynton. That is the very reason. Whenever we have the honour to receive your visits, or those of any other person, we never take the precedence.

Aug. You only do your duty. But from you to me—

Elder Raynton. What then, from you to me?—

Aug. Are you noble?

Elder Raynton (to the two Dudleys and his brother). Let us leave him to himself, with his nobility, if you will take my advice.

Elder Dudley. Fie, Mr. Onsburgh! If you think it beneath your dignity to keep company with us, why invite us here? We did not ask that honour.

Aug. It was not I that invited you; it was my papa.

Elder Raynton. Then we will go to my

lord, and thank him for his civility. At the same time we shall let him know that his son thinks it a dishonour to receive us. Come, brother !

Aug. (stopping him). You cannot take a joke, Master Raynton. Why, I am very happy to see you. It was to do me a pleasure that papa invited you, for this is my birth-day. I beg you will stay with me.

Elder Raynton. That is another affair. But be more polite for the future. Though I have not a title, as you have, yet I will not suffer any one to offend me, without resenting it.

Elder Dudley. Be quiet, Raynton ! We should rest good friends.

Younger Dudley. This is your birth-day then, Mr. Onsburgh.

Elder Dudley. I wish you many happy returns of it.

Elder Raynton. So do I, sir ; and all manner of prosperity. (*Aside*) And particularly that you may grow a little more polite.

Younger

Younger Raynton. I suppose you have had several handsome presents.

Aug. Oh! of course.

Younger Dudley. A great deal of cakes and sweetmeats, no doubt?

Aug. Ha! ha! cakes? That would be pretty, indeed. I have those every day.

Younger Raynton. Ah! then, I'll wager, it is in money. Two or three crowns? eh!

Aug. (disdainfully). Something better, and which I alone, of all here—yes, I alone, have a right to wear.

(Elder Raynton and elder Dudley converse aside.)

Younger Raynton. If I had what has been given you, I could wear it as well as another, perhaps.

Aug. (looking at him with an air of contempt). Poor creature! *(To the two elder brothers.)* What are you both whispering there again? I think you should assist to amuse me.

Elder Dudley. Only furnish us with the means.

Elder

Elder Raynton. He that receives friends should study their amusement.

Aug. What do you mean by that, Mr. Raynton?

SCENE IX.

Elder Raynton, younger Raynton, elder Dudley, younger Dudley, Augustus, Henrietta.

Henrietta (bringing in a plate with cakes).
Your servant, gentlemen; I am glad to see you well.

Elder Raynton. Much at your service, miss (*bowing to her*).

Elder Dudley. We are happy to see you, miss, amongst our party.

Henrietta. Sir, you are very obliging.—
(*To Augustus.*) Brother, mamma has sent you this to entertain your friends, until the chocolate is ready. Crape will bring it up presently, and I shall have the pleasure of helping you.

Elder Raynton. Miss, you will do us a great deal of honour.

Aug.

Aug. We do not want you here!—But now I think of it—my sword-knot!

Henrietta. You will find the sword and the knot in your room. Good bye, gentlemen, until I see you again.

Elder Raynton. Shall we soon have the favour of your company, miss?

Henrietta. I am going to ask mamma leave.

SCENE X.

Elder Raynton, younger Raynton, elder Dudley, younger Dudley, Augustus.

Augustus (sitting down). Come, take chairs, and sit down. (*They look at each other, and sit down without speaking. Augustus helps the two youngest, and then himself, so plentifully, that nothing remains for the two eldest.*) Stop a moment! They will bring in more, and then I'll give you some.

Elder Raynton. Oh! no; we do not desire it.

Aug.

Aug. Oh! with all my heart!

Elder Dudley. If this be the politeness of a young nobleman——

Aug. Is it with such as you that one must stand upon ceremony? I told you before, that they will bring us up something else. You may take it when it comes, or not take it. You understand that?

Elder Raynton. Yes, that is plain enough; and we see plainly too in what company we are.

Elder Dudley. Are you going to begin your quarrels again? Mr. Onsburch, Raynton, fie! (*Augustus rises; all the rest rise also.*)

Aug. (*going up to the elder Raynton.*) In what company are you then, my little cit?

Elder Raynton (*firmly*). With a young nobleman that is very rude and very impudent; who values himself more than he ought; and who does not know how well-bred people should behave one to the other.

Elder

Elder Dudley. We are all of the same opinion.

Aug. I rude and impudent? Tell me so, who am a gentleman?

Elder Raynton. Yes, I say it again; very rude, and very impudent; though you were a duke, though you were a prince.

Aug. (*striking him.*) I'll teach you to whom you are talking! (*Elder Raynton goes to lay hold on him. Augustus slips back, goes out, and shuts the door after him.*)

SCENE XI.

Elder Raynton, younger Raynton, elder Dudley, younger Dudley.

Elder Dudley. Bless me, Raynton, what have you done? He will go to his father, and tell him a thousand stories. What will he think of us?

Elder Raynton. His father is a man of honour. I will go to him, if Augustus does not. He certainly has not invited us here to be ill-treated by his son.

Younger

Younger Dudley. He will send us home, and make a complaint against us.

Younger Raynton. No ; my-brother behaved himself properly. My papa will approve what he has done, when we tell him the whole. He does not understand having his children ill used.

Elder Raynton. Come with me. Let us all go and find Lord Onsburgh.

SCENE XII.

Elder Raynton, younger Raynton, elder Dudley, younger Dudley, Augustus.

(Augustus enters with his sword undrawn. The two younger boys run, one into a corner, and the other behind an arm-chair. Elder Raynton and elder Dudley stand firm.)

Aug. (going up to elder Raynton.) Now I'll teach you, little insolent—*Draws, and instead of a blade, finds a long turkey's feather. He stops short, in confusion. The little ones burst into a loud laugh, and come up.)*

Elder

Elder Raynton, Come on ! Let us see the temper of your sword !

Elder Dudley. Do not add to his confusion. He only deserves contempt.

Younger Raynton. Aha ! this was it, then, that you alone had a right to wear ?

Younger Dudley. He will do no great harm to any body with that terrible weapon.

Elder Raynton. I could punish you now for your rudeness, but I should blush to take such a revenge.

Elder Dudley. He is no longer worthy of our company. Let us all leave him to himself.

Younger Raynton. Good bye to you, Mr. Knight of the Turkey's Feather.

Younger Dudley. We shall not come here again until you be disarmed, for you are too terrible now. (*As they are going, elder Raynton stops them.*)

Elder Raynton. Let us stay and give an account of our behaviour to his father, otherwise appearances will be against us.

Elder

Elder Dudley. You are right. What would he think of us, were we to leave his house thus, without seeing him?

S C E N E XIII.

Lord Onsburgh, Augustus, elder Raynton, younger Raynton, elder Dudley, younger Dudley.

(They all put on an air of respect, at the entrance of Lord Onsburgh. Augustus goes aside, and cries for spite.)

Lord Onsb. *(to Augustus, looking at him with indignation).* What is this, sir, that I hear?

(Augustus sobs, and cannot speak.)

Elder Raynton. My lord, you will pardon this disturbance that appears amongst us. It was not caused by us. From the first moment of our coming, Mr. Onsburgh received us so ill—

Lord Onsb. Do not be uneasy, my dear little friend. I know all. I was in the next room, and heard, from the beginning,
my

my son's unbecoming discourse. He is the more blameable, as he had just been making me the fairest promises. I have suspected his impertinence for a long time, but I wished to see, myself, how far he was capable of carrying it; and, for fear of mischief, I put a blade to his sword, that, as you see, will not spill much blood. (*The children burst out laughing.*)

Elder Raynton. Excuse the freedom, my Lord, that I took, in telling him the truth a little bluntly.

Lord Onsb. I rather owe you my thanks for it. You are an excellent young gentleman, and deserve, much better than he does, to wear this badge of honour. As a token of my esteem and acknowledgment, accept this sword; but I will first put a blade to it that may be more worthy of you.

Elder Raynton. Your lordship is too good; but allow us to withdraw. Our company may not be agreeable to Mr. Onsburgh to-day.

Lord

Lord Onsb. No, no, my dear boys, you shall stay. My son's presence shall not disturb your pleasure. You may divert yourselves together, and my daughter shall take care to provide you with whatever may amuse you. Come with me into another apartment. As for you, sir, (*to Augustus*) do not offer to stir from this place. You may celebrate your birth-day here all alone. You shall never have a sword until you deserve it, if you were even to grow old without wearing one.

A GOOD

A GOOD HEART

Compensates for many Indiscretions.

A DRAMA, in ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

MR. VAUGHAN.

MARY ANNE, *his Daughter.*

FREDERICK, *his Nephew.*

DOROTHEA, *his Niece.*

SERVANT.

PETER, - *an old Coachman.*

SCENE, *An Apartment in Mr. Vaughan's
Country-House.*

SCENE I.

Mr. Vaughan.

THIS is what one gains by taking
charge of other people's children!
This Frederick, how I loved him! he was,
I believe, dearer to me than my own son,
and

and the scape-grace now plays these pranks !
 How could he change so far from what he
 promised in his infancy ! Such goodness of
 heart, such spirit, such chearfulness ! The
 courage of a lion, and the mildness of a
 lamb ! One could not help loving him.
 But let him never appear before me again.
 I will never even hear him mentioned.

S C E N E II.

Mr. Vaughan, Dorothea.

Dorothea. Did you send for me, uncle ?
 What are your commands ?

Mr. Vaughan. I have fine news for you,
 concerning your rogue of a brother.

Doroth. (turning pale). Concerning Frederick ?

Mr. Vaughan. There, read that letter
 from Richard, or I will read it to you myself. (*Reads.*)

“ Dear Papa,

“ I AM sorry to have none but disagree-
 able news for you ; however, it is better
 that

that you should receive them from me, than from another. Our dear Frederick"— Oh! yes. He deserves that affectionate name now—"Our dear Frederick goes on very indifferently. He sold his watch some days ago, and what is still worse, the greatest part of his school books and books of devotion. I will tell you how I came to know it. At a standing of second-hand books, I asked the other day by chance for the Whole Duty of Man; for as I had worn mine out by dint of reading it, I thought I could not do better than to buy another. The bookseller shewed me one which I knew immediately to be Frederick's. I was positive of it, as his name was upon the title page. I bought it for sixpence, but did not say a word about it, for fear of prejudicing our school-fellows against him. I contented myself with shewing it to the head master, who sent for the bookseller, and asked him from whom he had that book. The bookseller confessed that he had bought it from my cousin, and Frederick could not deny it,

H

it, but said, that he had sold it because he wanted money; and that meantime, until he should be able to buy another, he had borrowed one from a friend who had two. The head master would know what he had done with this money, and Frederick told him, though I suspect his account to be all a fib. Oh! thought I to myself, we must find if he has not parted with some of his necessaries too. I thought first of the watch that you gave him for his new-year's gift, to let him see how his time went, which was a matter that he minded very little, as you may remember. I asked him what o'clock it was. He seemed confused, and told me that his watch was at the watch-maker's. I went thither that moment, in order to be certain. There was not a word of truth in it. I expostulated with him, as an affectionate cousin ought; but he answered me that it was no concern of mine, and that his watch was much better as he had disposed of it than in his fob, as he had no longer occasion to know the hour, for his business.

business. Who knows what he may have done worse? for one cannot guess the whole.”——Well, what do you say to this, Dorothy?

Dorothea. Dear uncle, I own that I am as much displeased at my brother as you are. Notwithstanding—

Mr. Vaughan. A little patience! this is not all. The best of the story is to come. (*Reads.*)

“Only hear what he has done since. The day before yesterday he went out in the afternoon without leave. Evening came on; he did not return. Supper bell rang; he was not to be found. In short, he staid out the whole night, and did not come in until the next morning. You may imagine how he was received. They asked him where he had been; but he had invented all his stories before-hand. And indeed though every thing that he said were true—however, he is to appear this evening before all the masters; and if they do him justice, he will be expelled shamefully, or at least sent home.

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What afflicts me most is his ingratitude for all your kindnesses, the disgrace that he brings on us, and the irregular way of life that he follows. I cannot believe that he told truth, in speaking of the place where he spent the night."—And why do not you mention it?—"But I wish that he may. It would be still worse, and he would only be the more worthy of your resentment. He threatens now to run away, and go home." Yes, yes, let him come! let him only put his foot upon my threshold, he will see the consequence. Let him go where he spends his nights. As for you, Dorothea, I desire you never to speak a word to me in his favour. They may put him in prison, send him home, expel him ignominiously; it is all equal to me. I shall never concern myself about him. He may go to some seaport, and ship himself as cabin-boy for the West-Indies. I have used him as my son too long.

Dorothea. True, my dear uncle, you have been as a father to us, and even our
own

own parents could not have shewn more care and kindness to us.

Mr. Vaughan. I have done it with pleasure, and take no merit to myself for it. Your mother, while I was abroad on my travels, did the same for my children. So it became my duty, and I never to this day declined it: but—

Dorothea. Ah! if my brother has forgot himself for a moment, it is owing only to his impetuous temper. You have had him long under your eye. Whenever he had done a fault, his repentance and sorrow for having offended you, always exceeded the offence.

Mr. Vaughan. Well, and how many indiscretions have I pardoned him? When he burned his eye-brows and hair with his fire-works; when he threw a stone through one of our neighbour's windows, and broke a large looking-glass; when he fell into the mire, and spoiled a new suit of clothes; when he overturned the handsomest carriage that I ever had; did not I forgive him all

this? I attributed these mischievous freaks to a petulance that did not however as yet shew a bad disposition: but to sell his watch and his books, to leave his school a-nights, and lye out, to fly against his masters, and still to have the face to think of coming home to me!

Dorothea. My dear uncle, be pleased first to hear what he can say in his justification.

Mr. Vaughan. Hear him? Heaven forbid that I should even see him. I shall tell all my tenants to receive him with a good stick, if he offers to come amongst them.

Dorothea. Ah! no. Your heart could never consent to such harshness. You will not deny the request of a niece that loves and honours you as her father.

Mr. Vaughan. You shall see whether that will be difficult to me.

Dorothea. Will you have me think then that you no longer love the memory of your sister, that you no longer love me?

Mr. Vaughan. You? I have no fault to find with you; and therefore your brother's misbe-

misbehaviour shall never change my sentiments as to you. But if you love me, do not tease me with any more solicitations. Study only to live happy in my friendship.

Dorothea. How can I live happy, while I see my brother in disgrace with you?

Mr. Vaughan. He has deserved it but too well. Why not tell what he did with the money, and where he lay out.

Dorothea. It appears from the letter that he confessed both. It is only Richard that will not believe him. (*Looks at Mr. Vaughan with the tears in her eyes.*) Ah! dear uncle—

Mr. Vaughan (a little softened). Well. He shall have one chance more, on your account. I will wait for the head master's letter.

S C E N E III.

Mr. Vaughan, Dorothea, Servant.

Mr. Vaughan. What do you want?

Servant. A messenger, sir, would speak with you.

H 4

Mr.

Mr. Vaughan. What has he brought ?

Servant. A letter from the school. (*Gives him the letter.*)

Mr. Vaughan (*looking at the superscription*). Right ! I was waiting for this. It comes from the head master : I know his hand. Where is the messenger ? Let him wait for my answer.

Servant. Shall I shew him up ?

Mr. Vaughan. No ; I will go down. I wish to inform myself from his own mouth. (*Goes out. Dorothea following him, the Servant makes signs to her to stop.*)

S C E N E IV.

Dorothea, Servant.

Servant. Harkye, Miss Dorothea ! come here.

Dorothea. What have you to say ?

Servant. Master Frederick is here.

Dorothea. My brother ?

Servant. If he be not come yet, he is not far off.

Dorothea.

Dorothea. Who told you so?

Servant. The messenger that overtook him on the road. Ah! Miss, what has Master Frederick done?

Dorothea. Nothing unworthy. Do not believe him capable of it.

Servant. Ah! I never thought so of him. Heaven knows we all loved him, and would have given our lives for him. He satisfied us for the least service that we could do him. He spoke for us to your uncle, whenever he was in a passion with us; and he was a friend to all the poor people in the neighbourhood. I wonder how his school-master could be angry with him. Ah! I see how it is. They were going to punish him for some arch prank, and he, being a fine spirited young gentleman, would not be used so roughly.

Dorothea. Where did the messenger find him?

Servant. About a stage off. He was sleeping under a willow on the bank of a little stream.

H 5

Dorothea.

Dorothea. My poor brother !

Servant. The man stopped till he awoke. You must think how surprized Master Frederick was on seeing him. He imagined that this man had been sent after him to bring him back ; and he told him that he would sooner be torn in pieces than go with him.

Dorothea. Ah ! I know his stout, resolute way.

Servant. The messenger protested to him that, (he had such a regard for him) if he were sure to be scolded, or even to lose his place for it, he would not molest him. He then told him his message, and how they spoke of him at school.

Dorothea. And what did my brother resolve to do ?

Servant. Although he was spent with fatigue, he walked on by the messenger's side, and they came together as far as the edge of our grove. Master Frederick struck in there, to go and hide himself in the grotto, and there he will stay for the messenger's

senger's return, to know how your uncle will take matters.

Dorothea. Oh! if I could speak to him!

Servant. It is likely that he wishes it as much as you.

Dorothea. My uncle often walks that way. If he should meet him in the first of his passion! Oh! be so kind as to run and tell him to hide himself in the barn, behind the trusses of hay. I will go to him as soon as my uncle walks out.

Servant. Never fear, miss. I will bring him there myself, and help him to hide himself. (*Goes out.*)

SCENE V.

Dorothea (alone).

What troubles he continually causes to me! yet I cannot help loving him.

SCENE VI.

Dorothea, Mary Anne.

Dorothea. Ah! dear cousin, how I did long to speak with you! and yet, alas! I have but very ill news for you.

Mary Anne. I know the whole. My papa just now gave me my brother's letter to read. That from the schoolmaster has redoubled his anger against Frederick.

Dorothea. I do not know how to go about justifying him.

Mary Anne. I would wager that he is innocent. Do you know Richard's hypocrisy! He does all the faults, and is cunning enough to lay the blame of them upon others. This is not the first instance of his striving to hurt your brother in my papa's opinion. Twenty times has he, by under-hand complaints, had him almost turned out of the house; and then, when matters have been cleared up, he himself has been found the only person in fault. I see, even
from

from his letter, that he is a pickthank, and that Frederick, at worst, has been only imprudent.

Dorothea. What comfort your kindness affords me! Yes, my brother is naturally well inclined, free, sincere, generous, unsuspecting; but he is also petulant, daring, and inconsiderate. He is headstrong in his resolutions, and loses respect for those that do not treat him according to his humour.

Mary Anne. And Richard is envious, dissembling, hypocritical, and fawning. Like a cat that gives you at first a paw as soft as velvet, and afterwards strikes you with her talons at the moment when you depend most on her kindness. How willingly would I give my brother, with all his false virtues, for yours, "with all his imperfections on his head!" The worst is, that Frederick is not here.

Dorothea. And if he were?

Mary Anne. Eh! where is he then? Let me run to him. I long to see him.

Dorothea.

Dorothea. Hift! I think I hear my uncle talking to himself.

Mary Anne. Well, you are Frederick's fift-ter; it is but right that you fhould fee him firft. I will ftay here with my papa, and try to foften him. Do you run to the poor wanderer, and give him fome words of comfort and hope.

Dorothea. Yes, and a good lecture befides, I affure you, for he deferves it at all events.
(*Goes out.*)

SCENE VII.

Mr. Vaughan, Mary Anne.

Mr. Vaughan. I am fo provoked with this boy that I have not been able to write, to fend back the messenger. However, he may ftay here till to-morrow morning. Let me compofe myfelf a little.

Mary Anne. How, papa! are you ftill angry with my poor coufin? Is his crime fo very great then?

Mr. Vaughan. Truly it becomes you much to excufe him. I fee that your head

is

is no better than his, and you would have done worse, perhaps, in his place. Yet you have both of you a good example before you.

Mary Anne. Who is that?

Mr. Vaughan. My good boy Richard.

Mary Anne. Oh! yes. My brother is a boy of great veracity, indeed, very generous! he is a pretty pattern!

Mr. Vaughan. I know that Dolly and you are no friends to him. I myself, from your opinions of him, had conceived a prejudice against him; but his master gives me such a good account of him to-day—

Mary Anne. Nay, did not all his masters quite sicken you with his praises here? They knew his father's fortune, and people always hope to wheedle presents from a father, by flattering him concerning his son.

Mr. Vaughan. I grant, they may have flattered me a little with regard to him; however, from his earliest childhood he has never played me a single prank of the thousands that Frederick has.

Mary.

Mary Anne. His pranks never hurted any body but himself.

Mr. Vaughan. You would make one mad. Did he hurt nobody but himself, when he overturned my chariot? a carriage elegantly guilt, and quite new, that had just cost me two hundred pounds!

Mary Anne. It was but an accident; imprudence is pardonable at his age. Peter was trying the carriage, and Frederick teased him so much to take him up on the seat, that at last he did. After they had gone a little way, he dropped the whip, and Peter went down for it. The horses, finding the reins in weaker hands, set off. Luckily the harness gave away, and nothing suffered but the carriage.

Mr. Vaughan. That was not enough, perhaps! And who, upon the whole, has more reason to complain than I?

Mary Anne. Frederick, who had his head terribly cut; but above all, poor Peter, that lost his place by it.

Mr. Vaughan. I cannot think of it yet with patience.

patience. That fine adventure cost me above eighty guineas!

Mary Anne. And how much grief did it cost the good-natured Frederick! He will never forgive himself for having occasioned poor Peter's disgrace.

Mr. Vaughan. Two good-for-nothing fellows, fit to go together! I am surprized, however, that you pick out the worst characters, and plead their cause. Really, it is a pity that you were not born a boy, to be companion to your cousin. I think you would have had charming adventures together.

Mary Anne. Nay, but——

Mr. Vaughan. Hold your tongue! your teasing tires me. I am going to take a turn in the garden. Go find Dorothea, and both of you come to me. (*Goes out without his bat.*)

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Mary Anne.

I shall have a good deal of trouble to bring him about. However, let us not despair. He is only ill-natured in words.

SCENE IX.

Mary Anne, Dorothea.

Dorothea (half opening the door, and peeping in). Hift.

Mary Anne. Well?

Dorothea. Is my uncle out?

Mary Anne. He is just gone. Where is Frederick?

Dorothea. He waits for us on the back stairs.

Mary Anne. You have no more to do but take him to our room.

Dorothea. No; that won't do. Jenny is there.

Mary

Mary Anne. Why, cannot we bring him here? Nobody comes here when my papa is out.

Dorothea. You are right; and it will be easier too for him to slip out upon occasion. Stay here, I will bring him up.

S C E N E X.

Mary Anne.

How curious I am to hear him tell his story! And I shall be glad to see him too. It is above a year since he left us. Ah! I hear him. (*Goes to the door to meet him.*)

S C E N E XI.

Mary Anne, Dorothea, Frederick.

Mary Anne (embracing him). Ah! my dear cousin.

Dorothea. He deserves this kindness, indeed, for the trouble that he has caused us.

Mary Anne. I see him, and all is forgotten.

Frederick.

Frederick. My dear cousin, do I find you then still the same? You have never been so hard upon me as my sister.

Dorothea. If I were as much so as your uncle, ah! then—

Frederick. In the first place, what does he say? Can it be true that he is so enraged against me?

Dorothea. If he knew us to conceal you here, we should have no more to do but to quit the house, and go about our business.

Mary Anne. Oh! it is very true. Do not think of appearing before him yet awhile. He is in a humour to do you a mischief just now.

Frederick. What can our head master have written to him?

Dorothea. A handsome encomium upon your exploits!

Mary Anne. My brother had touched a little upon the subject by yesterday's post.

Frederick. What! has Richard written? Then I have occasion for nothing more to justify me. He knows the whole matter as well

well as I, for I entrusted him with every thing.

Mary Anne. One needs only to judge of you from his letter.

Frederick. Well, if I be not innocent, I am the greatest rogue—

Dorothea. That is saying nothing, you must be either one or the other.

Frederick. And could you think me guilty? What is my crime? selling my watch?

Dorothea. No more than that? who can tell if your shirts too, and your clothes—

Frederick. Very true. I would have sold every thing, if I had occasion for more money.

Dorothea. A very pretty defence, truly! and to pass whole nights from the school!

Frederick. One night, sister.

Dorothea. And to fly against a proper chastisement!

Frederick. Say, rather against an outrage that I did not deserve. If I had submitted to it, I should always have borne a blot in the opinion of my uncle; and if they had expelled

expelled me, I should never have appeared before you.

Mary Anne. But, dear Frederick, what can you say in your defence? We should know it, in order to clear you to papa.

Frederick. Here is the fact. Some days ago they talked of a fair that was to be in the neighbouring village. Our master gave a few of us leave to go there, in order to amuse ourselves, and gratify our curiosity.

Dorothea. Ah! then it was for oranges and tarts that your watch and your *Whole Duty of Man* went, or perhaps for a sight of mon-kies and tumblers.

Frederick. Surely, my sister must have a great taste for these things, to suppose that one could spend money on them. No, it was not so. I was dry, and went into a public house to have some beer.

Dorothea. Why, this is worse still.

Frederick. Really, sister, you are very severe. But do let me finish. While I was sitting there——

Mary

Mary Anne (*listening at the door*). We are undone ! my papa ! I hear him !

Dorothea. Run ! run !

Frederick. No ; I will wait for my uncle, and throw myself at his feet.

Mary Anne. Oh ! no, dear cousin ; he is not capable of listening to you. Do, for my sake—

Frederick. You would have me ?

Mary Anne. Yes, yes : leave me to manage for you. (*She pushes him by the shoulders to the door of the back stairs, shuts it upon him, and returns.*)

SCENE XII.

Mr. Vaughan, Mary Anne, Dorothea.

Mary Anne. Ah ! papa, I see you are returned already from your walk.

Mr. Vaughan. I am looking for my hat. Hang it, I do not know where I have left it.

Dorothea (*looking about*). Here, here it is.

Mr.

Mr. Vaughan. You could not think of bringing it to me.

Dorothea. I must have been blind sure, not to see it.

Mary Anne. Who can think of every thing?

Mr. Vaughan. Truly, you have so many things to take up your attention!

Mary Anne. I was just thinking of poor Frederick.

Mr. Vaughan. Must I constantly have that name rung in my ears?

Mary Anne. Well, papa, let us talk no more about him. Would not you chuse to finish your walk before the dew falls.

Mr. Vaughan. No. I will go out no more this evening. (*Mary Anne and Dorothea look at each other, shaking their heads, with an air of disappointment.*) It is too late. Besides, I have just been told that my old coachman is below, and would speak with me.

Mary Anne and Dorothea. What, Peter?

Mr. Vaughan. Whatever damage he has caused

caused me, the mischief is done, and he has been sufficiently punished for it. I would know what he has to say to me.

Mary Anne. He might very well wait until you returned from your walk.

Mr. Vaughan. No, no. I shall dismiss him the sooner. After all—(*Mary Anne and Dorothea whisper together.*) (*to Mary Anne*) When your father—(*to Dorothea*) When your uncle speaks to you, I think that you should listen to him. After all—(*Dorothea endeavours to steal away.*) Where are you going, Dorothea?

Dorothea (confused). I have business down stairs.

Mr. Vaughan. Well, tell Peter to come up. (*Dorothea goes out.*)

S C E N E XIII.

Mr. Vaughan, Mary Anne.

Mr. Vaughan. After all, I pity the poor man. I never had so good a coachman. My horses were so sleek, that one might see

I

one's

one's face in their coats ; and he never embezzled their corn at the alehouse.

Mary Anne. Ah! if you had kept him, you would have spared poor Frederick many a sorrowful moment.

Mr. Vaughan. Say no more of him. It was he that occasioned me to discharge Peter, and to be at present without a coachman; for after him I conceived a dislike to all others. I shall never find one to replace him.

S C E N E XIV.

Mr. Vaughan, Mary Anne, Dorothea, and Peter.

Dorothea. Uncle, here is Peter.

Peter. I beg pardon, sir, but I cannot think that you are still angry with me. I hope you will not take it amiss that I have made bold to wait on you as I passed the house, and to beg you to let me have a discharge.

Mr. Vaughan. Did not I give you one ?

Peter.

Peter. I never had any other than "There; take your wages; quit my house this moment, and never let me see you again." You did not give me time, sir, to ask for a gentler discharge.

Mr. Vaughan. You did not deserve more ceremony from me, after destroying my finest carriage. I wish that Frederick had broke his neck at the same time.

Peter. What can one say, Sir? A coachman's sense is in his whip, and I had just lost possession of mine. But I shall be wiser for the future.

Mr. Vaughan. Well, it is all over. How do you live?

Peter. Ah! dear master, since I left your house I have never had a happy moment. You know, upon quitting your service, I went to live with Major Bramfield. Oh! what a master! he could never speak but with his cane lifted up; rest his soul!

Mr. Vaughan. He is dead then?

Peter. Yes, to the great joy of his soldiers. He never gave me his orders without

swearing like a Turk. His horses had their full measure of corn, and his people plenty of hard knocks, but not much bread.

Mary Anne. Ah! poor Peter! why did you stay in his service?

Peter. Where could I go! What kept me there besides, was, that my wife found employment in the house in washing and mending the linen. She earned at least half as much has maintained our children. Every one trembled before the Major. Death alone made him tremble, and laid him low. At present I am out of place, and do not know where to lay my head.

Mr. Vaughan. But you know that I never wish any one to starve, much less an old servant.

Peter. Ah! I always thought so; but those terrible words "Never let me see you again," sounded continually like a clap of thunder in my ears. Ten of the Major's greatest oaths could not have frightened me so much.

Mary

Mary Anne. And you have had no master since?

Peter. Ah! Miss, it is not here as in London. In the poor little villages about here, people want their corn more for themselves than for their horses. I worked at daily labour in the fields, my wife spun, and my children went about asking charity. But we all together made so little, that we were not able at the week's end to pay the rent of a poor garret. Very soon we had nothing but the earth for our bed, and the sky for our covering. My poor wife died of grief and hardship. (*Wipes his eyes.*)

Mr. Vaughan. You deserved it all. Why did not you come and ask my assistance?

Mary Anne (to Dorothea). Now my papa shews himself once more. A good sign for Frederick.

Peter. Ah! sir, what a woman it was! Sure never was a better wife. Whenever I came home at night without having earned a farthing, and thought that I must go to bed hungry, I always found half of her morsel of

bread left purposely for me. When I foamed with rage like one in despair, and would destroy every thing round me, she always restored me to my calm senses, and made me a reasonable man again. Now she is dead, and I cannot bring her to life. There began my real unhappiness, and heaven knows where it will end.

Dorothea. Ah! poor Peter!

Peter. I had no more hopes of finding a service in these parts; so I set out one fine evening with my little girl in my arms, and I took my boy by the hand. We walked a great part of the night, and slept the remainder under a hedge. Next morning, by break of day, we were in sight of a town. Luckily there was a fair there that day. I earned some money by carrying burthens. But, sir, I must say, it was an angel, an angel from heaven, Master Frederick—

Mr. Vaughan. An angel? What Frederick? that reprobate?

Mary Anne and Dorothea (approaching Peter

Peter with looks of joy and curiosity). What, Frederick? Frederick?

Peter. Dear master, use me ill if you will; but not that fine generous child. I would rather that you should trample me under your feet.

Dorothea. Oh! tell us, Peter, tell us.

Peter. My little Lucy went to ask a charity at the door of a public house. Master Richard and Master Frederick were sitting there at a table, with some beer before them.

Mr. Vaughan. Ay! fine inclinations truly! In an alehouse!

Dorothea. Nay, uncle, he only went to refresh himself.

Mr. Vaughan. What business had he in the town at all?

Mary Anne. He had leave to see the fair. Your good Richard, you see, was there too.

Peter. He presently knew my child, and rose from table in spite of all that his companion could say. He made poor little

Lucy drink a glass of beer, took her by the hand, and leading her out, heard from herself a brief account of our misery. He then desired her to bring him to me, and found me in the next street, drinking out of my hat at a well, as the heat of my work had made me dry. I thought that I should run mad with joy upon seeing him. All shabby and dirty as I was, I took him in my arms before every body; and hugged him so close, the folks were afraid that I should stifle him. Ah! he was heartily glad to see me too. At last, as there were a number of people about us, he told me to lead him to a place where we might be by ourselves, and I took him to a barn, where I had already bespoke my bed for the night.

Mary Anne. Ah! papa, I would lay a wager—

Mr. Vaughan. Silence. Well, Peter?

Peter. I told him all that I have now told you. The dear child began to cry as if he would break his heart. I should beg for you, cried he, as I am the cause of your misfortunes;

misfortunes ; but I will not sleep without relieving them. Here, Peter, said he, feeling in his pockets, take what money I have about me. I was not for taking it ; that made him angry. I told him that it was money given him for his amusement, and that as for me, I was used to hardship. He frowned, and stamped with his feet, and I verily believe would have hit me if I had not taken his purse.

Mr. Vaughan. How much was there in it?

Peter. Almost a crown. He would keep no more than sixpence. It shall never be said, continued he, that an honest servant of my uncle's, who has neither robbed nor defrauded any one, shall be obliged in his old age to go begging with his children, and not have so much as a lodging. Take a little room. Before three days I will return, and I will support you ever until I shall have written to my uncle. We have both provoked him against us ; but he is too hu-

mane, and too generous, to abandon you to misery.

Mr. Vaughan. Did he really say so, Peter?

Peter. I can take my oath of it, master.

Mary Anne. Well, well, we can believe you; finish your story.

Peter. How do you employ your children? said he, as he took my Billy upon his knee. Employ them? said I, they go about selling nosegays and toothpicks; and when nobody buys, they ask charity. That is not right, said he. They would never learn any thing by that trade but idleness and profligacy. You should make your boy learn a trade, and put the girl out to a decent service.

Mary Anne. Frederick was very right there, papa.

Peter. Yes, said I; but how can I offer the children to any body in these rags? If I had only three guineas, I could soon settle them. There is a weaver hard by, that employs young hands, and would take my
Billy,

Billy, if I could give him two guineas fee; and a dairy-man's wife would take Lucy into her service, if she was a little clad. Then I could go and offer myself for service in some rich family, and not be reduced to stroll about like a vagrant.

Mr. Vaughan. And what did Frederick say?

Peter. Nothing, sir. He went away, but two days after he returned. Where is the weaver that will take your son apprentice? carry me to him. So I did, and he spoke with him privately for a while. And the dairy-man's wife, said he, that will take charge of Lucy—where does she live? I took him there too. He left me at the door, went and spoke to the woman in her dairy, joined me again without saying a word, and we came away. After we had walked about forty yards, he stopped, and taking me by the hand, My honest old friend, said he, make yourself easy as to your children. He then pointed me to a shop of second-hand clothes that happened to be not far off, where he had paid beforehand for

this jacket, and this great coat.—Don't I look like a squire in them?

Mary Anne. O my excellent cousin! good-natured Frederick!

Mr. Vaughan (wiping his eyes). I see now where the watch went.

Peter. That is not all, sir. Did not I catch him slipping money into my pocket? I was positively for returning it to him, and told him that he had already done too much for me. But if ever I saw him fall in a passion, it was then. He assured me, sir, that you had sent it to him for my use. And when I was coming here directly to thank you, he told me that you would not have it mentioned. Ah! thought I to myself, Mr. Vaughan was *so* good a master! Perhaps he would take me again. For all that I did not dare to come, as Master Frederick had forbidden me.

Mr. Vaughan. O Frederick! my dear Frederick! you have still then that noble and generous heart that I always took you to possess from your infancy,

Mary

Mary Anne. And what determined you at last to appear again before my uncle ?

Peter. The case was this : They would not take my Billy without a copy of the register of his baptism, and for that I must come here to the clerk of this parish. As I entered the village, I heard that my Lord Vasty wanted a coachman. It seemed as if Master Frederick had sent good luck along with me. I waited on my Lord, who promised to take me if I could bring him a proper discharge from my last master. I could not go into the other world to ask the Major for one ; so I took my chance, though sadly afraid, to apply to you. And should you even refuse me, I shall at least have returned you my acknowledgments for the relief that you were so kind as to convey to me through the hands of Master Frederick.

Mr. Vaughan. No, honest Peter ; you are indebted for them to himself alone. It is he who has stripped himself to cover you. But he is also indebted to you for the return of
my

my favour. From what a misfortune you save him! Yes, but for you, but for you, so great was my resentment against him, I should have banished him from my presence for ever.

Peter. Say you so, sir? Then I should be the happiest man in the world! What, to save him from misfortune, as he has me! Each of us to owe that obligation to the other!

Mr. Vaughan. That sneaking varlet Richard had almost turned my heart against him. How could I trust that knave, who has so often imposed upon me! But the head master of the school—

Mary Anne. Why, papa, he must have imposed on him as well as you.

Mr. Vaughan. But bless me, they write me word that Frederick is run away. If he should grow desperate! If any misfortune should happen to him!

Peter. A horse! a horse! I'll bring him back to you, if he were at the world's end.
(*Going to run out.*)

Dorothæa.

Dorothea (holding him). My dear uncle, would you really pardon him? Would you take him to your arms once more?

Mr. Vaughan. Ay; though he had sold all his clothes! though he were to return as naked as he was born! (*Dorothea makes a sign to Mary Anne, and runs out.*)

Mary Anne. What if he were here, papa?

Mr. Vaughan. Here? has any one seen him? Where is he? where is he?

Peter. Ah! if he was here! if he was here! I would jump up to the cieling for joy.

Mary Anne. Well, papa, do you see him?

SCENE XV.

Mr. Vaughan, Frederick, Mary Anne, Dorothea, Peter.

(*Frederick entering, kneels to his uncle. Peter shews an extravagance of joy. Dorothea and Mary Anne melt into tears.*)

Frederick. Ah! uncle, my dear uncle, will you forgive me?

Mr.

Mr. Vaughan. Forgive you! I love you a thousand times better than before. You deserve it; and shall never leave me again.

Frederick. No, uncle; never, never. (*Turning, he sees Peter, and takes him by the hand.*) Ah! if you had seen the misery of this poor man and his children! If you had been the cause of their distress!

Peter. 'Twas I, 'twas I myself. Why should I have let you climb upon my seat, or have left you to manage a pair of fiery horses? But who could refuse you any thing? I could not, though the carriage were to run over me through it. So mark, Master Frederick; never ask me any thing improper again! I should agree to it, I know; but I should go and drown myself directly.

Mr. Vaughan. Why did not you write me an account of all this, instead of selling your watch, your books, and perhaps your clothes? It was at least an imprudence in a child like you, who knows not the value of things.

Frederick. Yes, that is true; but to let
this

this family be a moment longer in their distress, seemed to me as bad as murder. Besides, as you had turned Peter away in a passion, I was afraid that you should forbid me to assist him; and that by disobeying your express orders I should make myself more blameable.

Mr. Vaughan. What, then you would have disobeyed me there?

Frederick. Yes, uncle; but in that only.

Mr. Vaughan. Kiss me, my brave Frederick!—After all, there is one article in the letter which makes me hesitate; that is, your lying out. Where did you pass the night?

Frederick. I had carried Peter the money that day. Our master was not at home in the evening, and I knew that the doors would be shut at ten o'clock. I thought to be home before; and so I should, if I had not gone astray after dark.

Dorothea. Poor brother! where did you lie then?

Frederick. I found an empty old shed,
and

and there I stretched myself upon a great stone, and never slept so well in my life. I was so happy to have relieved Peter !

Mary Anne. Ah ! that ill-natured Richard ! He took good care not to tell us all this, and yet he knew it.

Mr. Vaughan. From this moment I withdraw my regard from him, and you alone—

Frederick. No, uncle ; I will not be happy at the expence of another, and far less at that of your son.

Dorothea (taking his hand). How much ought I to love such a brother !

Mr. Vaughan. Well, let him remain at the school ; you shall never leave me. I wish to have you always near my heart, and will have masters for you of all sorts, if they were to come a hundred miles.

Peter (making a low bow). My worthy master, you are always the same.

Mr. Vaughan (patting him on the shoulder). Peter, have you agreed with Lord Vasty ?

Peter.

Peter. Bless your heart, sir, I had not my discharge.

Mr. Vaughan. You shall not need one. I see, I shall make Frederick and you happy in having you near each other once more : but never let him mount upon your seat again. We shall take care of your children too.

Peter (sobbing and crying for joy). Dear master !—Sir !—are you serious ? Is not this a dream ? Frederick ! Master Frederick ! shall my poor children—Ah ! let me go and see my old friends in the stable !

ROBIN.

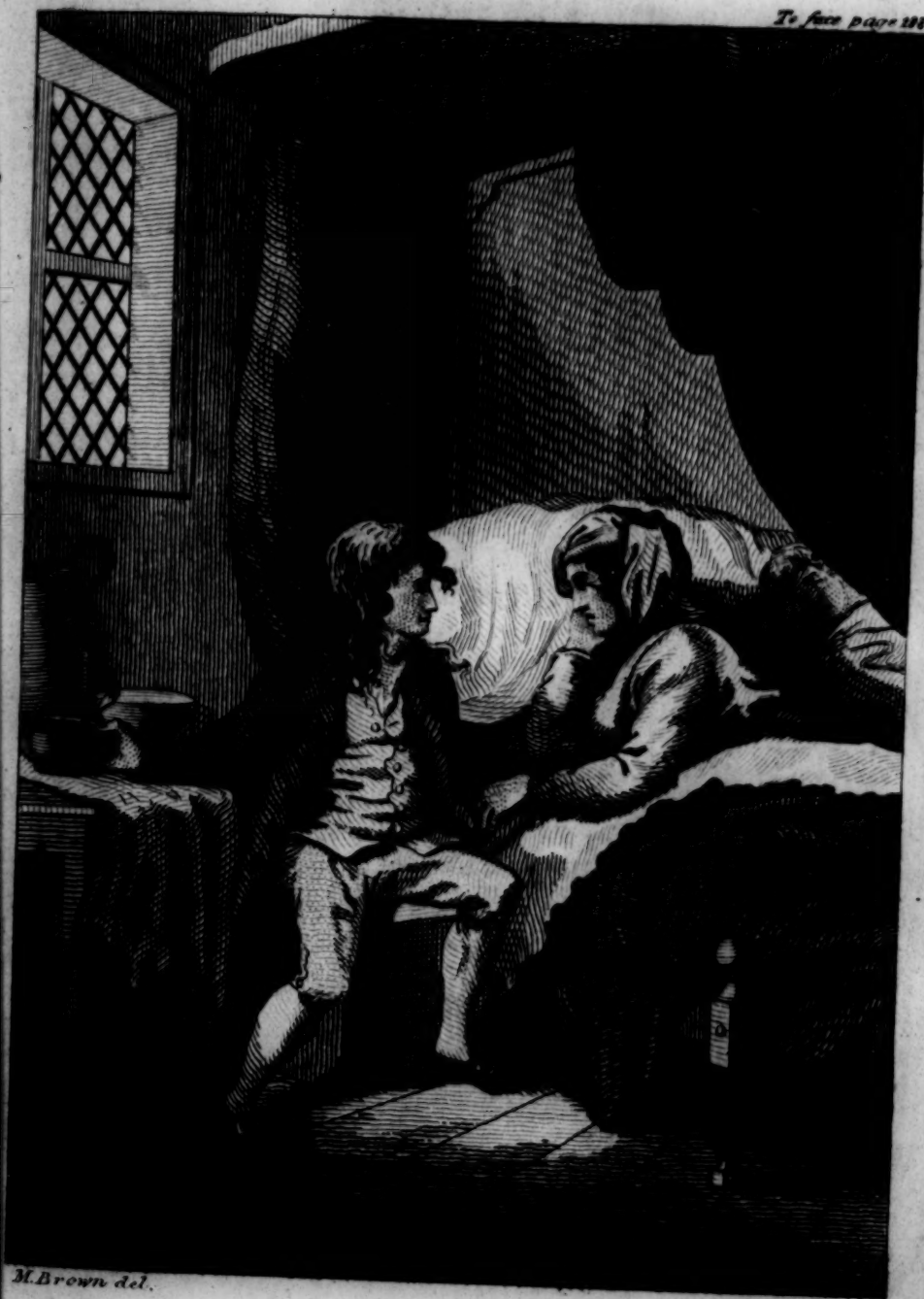
R O B I N.

ROBIN was about six years of age. He was not wicked, but his mother let him always have his way; and then his father was afraid that the poor child might cry his eyes out, if he wanted any thing, and should not get it. Being thus indulged, his whims grew every day more frequent, and they could not always be gratified; for his parents were extremely poor, and lived, as the expression is, from hand to mouth. He grew at last quite obstinate and quarrelsome, insisted upon having every thing that he saw, and when he could not get it, would grow sulky, tear his clothes to show his spite, do nothing that he was bid to do, and often quite the contrary.

His parents were much grieved to see this behaviour in him, and judged it to proceed from a heart naturally perverse. Alas! cried his mother, I once hoped that our little Robin would in time console us
under

ROBIN.

To face page 191.



M. Brown del.

Peet sculp.



under all our griefs, be the joy of our old age, and work for our support, when we were past our strength, reflecting that we had done so much to feed and bring him up: but, on the contrary, he is our greatest unhappiness. His principles are quite corrupt, said the father; every one will hate him utterly, and not a soul assist him in his need. He will commit some wicked action, and be punished for it by his country. He will live in shame and misery. God grant I may be dead before this comes to pass.

These mortifying thoughts would constantly be uppermost within them. They were now no longer cheerful at their daily toil, and had no appetite for their meals. Their sorrow had a visible effect upon their health; their strength soon failed them; and one morning being more depressed than usual, they had not sufficient spirits to get up. Not so the little Robin: he was up as usual, and called for his breakfast. Robin, said his mother, I am very ill, and cannot

cannot rise to get it for you. On which he fulked, she wept, and Hutchinson, his father, sighed. The little urchin waited yet some time ; but seeing neither of them stir, resolved instantly what to do. He went to a neighbour's house for a light, as he designed to make a fire. A little girl came down to let him in ; and seeing Robin, asked him what he wanted, with a tone of voice that seemed to say he was not welcome ; for she did not like him in the least. I want to light my candle, answered Robin. Well, do so, returned the little girl, as I have let you in : but do not come here again. This way of talking Robin did not much like. He was very easily offended ; so he went away, and did not even light his candle.

After this, he visited another neighbour, who came down ; but seeing Robin through the casement, he would not so much as ask him what he wanted, but went up again. Refused admittance every where, he came home, put down the candle, and bethought himself
himself

himself of going to a good old woman's, who formerly used to treat him with sweet things. He went and asked her for some breakfast. Breakfast! answered Frances: why, has not your mother let you have some? She is a-bed, said Robin. Well, your father then? He likewise is a-bed. They say, they are ill. And would you leave them then, and come to me for victuals? Get you gone! I have nothing for you. Had I more than what I want myself, I would give it to poor children who are fonder of their parents than you are, and make them happy, whereas you every day torment yours.

Robin came away in tears, and walked home very slowly. In the way, he recollected that he himself had frequently shammed illness; and supposed it not impossible that his parents might now be doing the same. For certainty, he got upon a little chair, held back the curtain, and beheld how pale they were. He saw that they had been crying too. This sight affected

fecting him. He put the curtains to again, sat down beside the bed, and held his hands up to his face. Unhappy that I am! said he, suppose my parents were to die, what would become of me? I am refused admittance every where, and cannot obtain a bit of bread. I must then have been very wicked! my poor mother! how you have at all times loved me! and how have I grieved you! And my father, my dear father——Who can tell, alas! but they will die?

He sat a little longer thinking; and returning afterwards to the house where he had been refused entrance at first, begged for heaven's sake that they would let him have a little bread and milk, to make a breakfast for his parents. His affliction, and the humble tone of voice with which he now addressed them, easily gained him a hearing. Look ye, said the good man of the cottage, since you ask me thus, I will not refuse you. Take the half of this brown loaf, with some of this milk, and warm it
for

for your parents. It is but just that you should prepare their breakfast, while they are both working so hard for you. He durst not mention that they were ill, because he feared the same reproaches which Frances had bestowed upon him, though he merited them now much less: on which account, his charitable benefactor did not go himself to see them; as he would have done, had he but known their situation, for he esteemed them greatly.

In the mean time, Robin brought away the bread and milk, came home, made up a fire, and putting on a pipkin, boiled the milk. It was no sooner ready, than he drew a little table towards the bed. His mother heard him move about the chamber. What can Robin be doing? said his mother. Nothing good, I fear, answered Hutchinson. She wished to know, endeavoured to sit up in bed; and looking through the curtains, which were very flimsy, saw the little table with two porringers, and Robin, who was

K

cutting

cutting bread into them. Upon this, she jogged her husband. See, said she, I verily believe, he is doing this for us; else, why two porringers upon the table? Would to God, said Hutchinson, he were! I am not hungry, but should like to be convinced that he is better than we have thought him.

Robin, with the pipkin, came at last; and filling both the porringers, approached his parents. Hold, said he, dear father; hold, dear mother. Here's some breakfast for you both.—And is it you that prepared it? said the father. Who could give you all this bread and milk?—It was neighbour such-a-one, answered he.—The father and the mother bade him put down both the porringers again. Their eyes grew bright with joy. Dear child! come hither, cried they. You are not what we thought you to be; you bring both of us to life again. So saying, they held out their arms: he bent to their embrace: he wept, as they did likewise; he desired forgiveness for the
grief

grief which he had occasioned them ; and promised that they should henceforth be rejoiced by his behaviour.

He was still in their arms, when Frances entered with her breakfast in her hand ; which she brought, in order to share it with her indisposed good neighbours. She was moved at such a piteous sight, shed tears of joy, and blessed the little Robin, who, on his side, tenderly embraced her also. They all breakfasted together, and had never in their lives before enjoyed so sweet a meal.

The happiness of such a day soon re-established this good father, and this loving mother, in their former state of health. The little boy also became very happy. He acquired the love of every one that knew him, was caressed with justice by his parents and the charitable Frances, who rejoiced to do them all the good in her power.

M A U R I C E.

My dear Son,

DO not let the news that I am going to communicate afflict you too much. I wish I could conceal it from you, but I cannot. Your father is dangerously ill, and without a miracle in his favour we must lose him. Oh heavens! my heart is ready to burst when I think of his affliction. For these six days I have not closed my eyes, and am now so weak that I can scarcely hold my pen. You must come home immediately. The servant who delivers you this letter, will return with you. Your father desires earnestly to see you. "Maurice, my dear Maurice, if I could embrace him before I die!" he has repeated a hundred times in the day. Would to heaven that you were here now! However, do not lose a moment in packing up your things; and I have ordered the man to make all possible expedition. Every moment will be an age of anxiety

xiety to me, until I clasp you in my arms.
Adieu, my dear child! May the Lord protect you from all dangers on your journey! I wait your return with the most lively impatience, and am

Your ever affectionate mother,

CECILIA LAVINGTON.

Oxford.

Dear Cousin,

I HAVE now no friend but you to apply to, and from you alone I can hope for comfort in a misfortune too weighty for me to bear. Heaven has deprived me of what was dearest to me on earth, my beloved husband. You know how sincere and tender an affection I bore him. This day se'nnight he desired me to send for our son from school. When Maurice was brought up to his bed, he stretched out his hand to him, and had scarcely given him his blessing, before he expired. With him is gone all the satisfaction and happiness of my life. You see me

now plunged into a situation the most distressful and afflicting to a woman, and a mother. Yet if I suffered alone, I could bear it; but my poor son sighs by my side. He is not yet sensible of the misfortune of being an orphan. It wounds my heart to see him look up to me with tears in his eyes, while he presses my hand, and speaks of his father. None but a mother can have an idea of so afflicting a sight. I think at those times that I read in his looks these melancholy words: "It is you alone, my dear mother, that must maintain me now." Wherever I go, he is at my side, and wipes the tears from his little eyes with my gown. Sorrow stops my voice when I would comfort him, for the very sight of my child renews all my afflictions. How shall I maintain him? My poor husband has left me nothing, and my hands are too feeble to work. To whom then shall I look for assistance, unless to you? On you alone I rest all my hopes. Heaven, I doubt not, will dispose your heart to relieve a destitute and forlorn widow,

dow, and to prove that the ties of blood which unite us are sacred. I give up my son to your care. Whatever kindness you shew to him, I shall receive as performed for my sake, and for the memory of a man who loved you. All the strength and spirits that I have left I will exert, to gain myself a livelihood by working; but to bring up my son properly is beyond my power. I give him up therefore to you entirely. However severe it may be to part with my child, I must yield to necessity. In the mean time I comfort myself in the reflection, that I rely on the favour of a merciful God, and the kindness of a worthy relation. Be you to him as a father, and enable him one day to soften my afflictions. I am unable to proceed. My tears, which wet my paper, shew you sufficiently what my heart feels. You have it in your power to determine my happiness, and the well-being of my son. God will for ever bless your liberality; he will reward you even in this world for your

kindness to two unfortunate relations. I am, dear cousin,

Your disconsolate kinswoman, &c.

Oxford.

CECILIA LAVINGTON.

Madam,

YOURS of the 7th inst. in which you inform me of your husband's death, has given me the sincerest affliction. You may be assured, I partake of your grief, and feel still more for your loss than for my own. Yet I must confess, I cannot help being a good deal surpris'd that you think of applying to me alone for assistance. Is it absolutely necessary that your son should have the education of a scholar, and add another to the number of half-learned smatterers that are already in the world? Are there not many other professions in which he may render as great services to society, and labour to more advantage for his own interest? Consider with yourself, how without fortune
or

or friends will he be able to advance himself? You know the world too well, to make it necessary for me to shew you that such an attempt would be impracticable. On the other hand, it would be displeasing to yourself to see him chargeable to strangers. You speak of the ties of blood; but my own family, which is very numerous, puts me more forcibly in mind of them; and I beg you to believe that it is with great difficulty I can maintain them in a suitable manner. To load myself with an additional burthen, is absolutely out of my power; and I am convinced, that, upon more mature reflection, you will dispense with my doing so. All that I can do is to put your son apprentice to a mercer at Rochester, a Mr. Durant, with whom I have concerns in business. I promise you, he shall be well treated there. You may send him upon trial for some time; and if approved, he will take him without a fee. Consider maturely of my offer, and let me know your determination, and your son's. If he re-

solves to go to the University, it is absolutely out of my power to maintain him there. I request you to accept the enclosed order for four guineas, as a proof of my concern for your present distressed situation, and to believe me,

Madam, &c.

London.

Dear Sir,

I CANNOT forget the care that you and Mrs. Masters took of me while at your academy, though I have at present scarcely strength to write you these lines of acknowledgment. But my mamma, who sits by me crying, is unable, through grief, to take pen in hand, and has laid that task on me, who am so unfit for it. However, from remembering your constant kindness to me, I find some satisfaction in writing to you, though I may succeed but indifferently. You are already informed, I suppose, of my papa's death. Ah! sir, what you foretold me is not come to pass. You bid me not

to

to be uneasy ; that I should, perhaps, when I came home, find my papa out of danger. But, alas ! he is dead. My mamma is now a poor widow, and I an orphan. I dreaded no less, as I came near our house. I had fallen asleep in the chaise, and dreamed that my papa was in heaven ; and that he took me by the hand, and spoke to me. At this I awoke, and in waking, seemed to hear the passing-bell toll. Yet we were not near the house, and had more than three miles to go yet. At last, when I arrived, my mamma was at our door, waiting for me, all in tears. She kissed me, and took me up stairs to my papa, who was in bed and almost speechless. When I kissed him, oh dear ! how I cried and sobbed. At this he opened his eyes, and seeing me, laid his hand upon my head, and gave me his blessing ; but in so faint a voice as scarcely to be heard. Ah ! you cannot imagine how my mamma and I cried. All his neighbours and acquaintance were in tears, too, at his funeral ; but mamma and I more than any body. I begin to eat and

drink a little, but my mamma has absolutely taken no nourishment, so that she is as pale as death; and I beg of her continually not to die, for then I do not know what would become of me in this world. Ah! dear sir, you may imagine how great a trouble it is to mamma and me, that I am not able to continue my education. But it cannot be otherwise, and I must be content. My mamma has written to her cousin in London, who is a rich merchant, to request him to maintain me at school; but he will not, and he says that I shall be no better than a half-learned smatterer. For my part, I think I might have learning enough if my mother had the tenth part of his money. But no; I must go apprentice to Mr. Durant the mercer, at Rochester. I cannot tell you how much that grieves me. Mamma strives to comfort me, and tells me that it is a reputable line of business, and that I may make a fortune by following it with application. But what does all this signify, when one dislikes it? You know, dear sir, that learning was all to me:

me : I wished to be as good a scholar and divine as my papa. Before, I had always a book in my hand ; now I shall be employed measuring silks with a yard. But I must hold my tongue, since it cannot be otherwise. Dear sir, I wish you happiness, and shall always think of you. I hope, too, that you will not forget me, and thank you again for your kind treatment of me. I suppose Mr. Durant will seldom take me to London, so that as I pass there in my way to Rochester, I shall go and see you and Mrs. Masters ; and if ever I come into great business, you shall take whatever you please in my shop, without paying a farthing. Only try. You shall see. Meantime I am, and ever shall be,

Dear sir,

(as you used to call me)

your little friend,

Oxford.

MAURICE LAVINGTON.

Maurice,

Oxford.

Maurice, Mrs. Lavington.

Maurice. Ah! mamma, the stage is ready to set off.

Mrs. Lav. (in tears). My dear child, are you going then to leave me?

Maurice. Pray, mamma, do not cry so, or I shall be dull all the journey. Where are my gloves? Ah! they are on my hands. I do not know what I am doing.

Mrs. Lav. What pain it is to part with you! I will accompany you at least a little way out of town.

Maurice. Nay, dear mamma, you are already so ill and so weak!

Mrs. Lav. It is but half a mile, my dear.

Maurice. But you know, the doctor says that you must take care of yourself. If you were to come home worse, and be obliged, like my papa, to take to your bed and die, I should be the cause of it. No, you must not stir out, or else I'll not go.

Mrs.

Mrs. Lav. Well, my dear child, then I will stay.

Maurice. Yes, mamma, do not move out, and when I am gone, lie down on the bed and try to rest.

Mrs. Lav. Oh ! I wish I could.

Maurice. Good bye, good mamma.

Mrs. Lav. God bless you and watch over you, my dear child. Be good, honest, and industrious, and make your mother happy.

Maurice. You shall see, mamma ; you shall see that I will make you happy.

Mrs. Lav. Write to me regularly, at least once a fortnight.

Maurice. Yes, every week, mamma ; and will you write to me too ?

Mrs. Lav. Can you ask that ? I shall now have no other pleasure upon earth. But shall we ever see each other again in this world ?

Maurice. Oh ! yes ; we shall see each other again. I will take care to behave so well that I will get leave to come and see you

you in six months. But, mamma, the stage is going off. I must leave you.

Mrs. Lav. One kiss more, my dear child! Farewel! (*They wave their hands until out of sight.*)

Rocheſter.

Mr. Durant, Maurice.

Mr. Durant. What do you bring me there, my little gentleman?

Maurice. A letter, fir; my name is Lavington. I ſuppoſe you know what it concerns.

Mr. Durant. Oh! you are little Lavington. I am glad to ſee you. I like your face very well. Have you a taſte for buſineſs?

Maurice (ſighing). Why yes, fir.

Mr. Durant. You have been ſome time at ſchool; can you read?

Maurice. Yes, fir, I could read when I was only five years old; and now I am twelve.

Mr.

Mr. Durant. Then your father must have begun pretty early with you. Can you write too, and cast accompts? How much is 6 times 8?

Maurice. 48; and 6 times 48 make 288; and 6 times 288 make—stop a moment—make 1728; and add 59 to that, it makes 1787 exactly, the present year of our Lord.

Mr. Durant. How? Why you cast accompts like a banker. I shall be glad to have so clever a little boy behind my counter.

Maurice. I hope, sir, I shall give you satisfaction.

Mr. Durant. According as you behave yourself.

Maurice. Sir, I ask no better.

Mr. Durant. I make no doubt but we shall be good friends.

Maurice. O sir! you shall never have reason to find fault with me. I love my mamma too well to run the risk of grieving her.

Mr. Durant. Come then, I will introduce

duce you to my wife and children. I have two much about your age.

Maurice. I hope, sir, to gain the regard of all your family.

Lady Abberville, Maurice.

Maurice (carrying a piece of sattin rolled up). Your servant, madam. Mr. Durant gives his compliments to your ladyship, and sends the twelve yards of sattin, of the pattern that you shewed him. You know the price, madam?

Lady Abber. He asked me thirteen shillings at the first word. That is something dear.

Maurice. Have you a measure in the house, madam?

Lady Abber. Mr. Durant is an honest man. I never measure after him. How much does it come to?

Maurice. Seven pounds sixteen shillings, madam.

Lady Abber. That is a good deal of money. Has he ordered you to receive it?

Maurice.

Maurice. That is as your ladyship pleases.

Lady Abber. Well, there are seven pounds sixteen shillings. I shall call on him for a receipt; but if I were disposed to cheapen, cannot you abate me something?

Maurice. Yes, madam. Mr. Durant told me that I should abate a shilling a yard.

Lady Abber. Well, my little boy, that is very honest, I am perfectly well pleased with your sincerity. Let me see; that makes twelve shillings.

Maurice. Yes, madam; I have twelve shillings to return you.

Lady Abber. Keep them yourself, my little friend. This is my birth-day, and I will make you a present of them.

Maurice. Madam, I beg pardon, I cannot take them.

Lady Abber. You shall: it is my property, and I give it to you.

Maurice. Perhaps Mr. Durant would take it amiss.

Lady

Lady Abber. That is my concern, I shall make that up.

Maurice. Madam, I return you a thousand thanks. This money shall not stay long in my pocket. I will send it off directly to my mamma, and mention your ladyship to her in my letter. I shall go and write it immediately.

Lady Abber. No, no; I must not let you go so fast. I see that we have a good deal to say to each other. Tell me in the first place who is your mamma, and where does she live?

Maurice. Ah! my poor mamma is widow to a clergyman of Oxford. My papa is dead these two months. He was too charitable to the poor to leave much money behind him. He kept me at school for three years near London; but I was sent home a little before he died, because he wished to see me once more. And as it was not in mamma's power to continue my education, a kinsman of hers sent me to be apprentice to Mr. Durant the mercer. I am with him
upon

upon trial. But if my relation that is so rich had thought proper, I should have gone to the University and taken my degrees. Ah! I should have been happy to follow my studies, and to become one day a great scholar. I was always the foremost in my class, and my masters were very fond of me. The next time that your ladyship shall have occasion for any thing from us, I will shew you a letter from our head master, which I received a week ago. You will see by it how fond he was of me. Ay, and he says, he will be fond of me as long as he lives.

Lady Abber. I do not doubt it, my good child. You have already made me very fond of you, though this is the first time that ever I have seen you. But tell me; would you be glad to go from behind the counter, and return to school?

Maurice. Ah! if that was possible. But my mamma cannot do it; she has not money enough, and schooling is expensive.

Lady Abber. Yes; but if your mother has not, there are many people in the world that have

have more than enough. What would you say if I were to send you to a gentleman who should examine you, to see if you have made good use of the time that you have spent at school, and are likely to make a progress if you should return thither?

Maurice. O madam, how happy should I be! Pray send me to the gentleman directly. You shall see what he will say of me. And then I may learn what I have not yet had time to know.

Lady Abber. Do you know the principal academy of this town?

Maurice. Oh yes, madam. I have often sighed as I passed by the door of it.

Lady Abber. Well, stay a moment. (*She sits down before her bureau, writes a letter and gives it to Maurice.*) There, run to the academy and ask for the master. You must speak to himself. You will give my compliments to him, and request him to send a line in answer to my note.

Maurice. But, madam, I am in a hurry to send these twelve shillings to my mamma.

Lady

Lady Abber. You can wait till to-morrow. Perhaps you may have still better news to send her.

Maurice. I will first, madam, carry your letter, and then hasten to Mr. Durant, who waits for me.

Lady Abber. Take care not to go astray.

Maurice. Oh! I shall find my way. I wish your ladyship good morning. In less than half an hour the master of the academy shall have your letter. I will fly to him like a bird.

Rocheſter.

The Maſter of the Academy, Maurice.

Maurice. Sir, I have a note for you from Lady ——. Oh! dear, I have forgot her name. But I will run back to her to know it.

The Maſter. There is no occaſion for that, child. I ſuppoſe the lady's name is to the note. (*He opens, and looks at the bottom.*) Lady Abberville! Oh! it is a hand that I know very well. (*Reads*)

Sir,

Sir,

THE child whom I send you is a poor orphan. His father is lately dead, and his mother has been under the necessity of taking him from school, in order to put him apprentice. He seems, however, to have a strong desire for learning; therefore, I beg as a favour that you will have the goodness to examine him, and if you form any hopes of him, I shall charge myself with his education. This being my birth-day, puts me in mind of the duty to which we are born, that of doing good to our fellow-creatures; and this child seems to have been sent by Heaven to be the object of it. I request you to give me your opinion of him, and am, sir, &c.

Take a seat, my little man. I shall be at your service in a minute. I am in haste to finish a letter.

Maurice. Oh! sir, what fine books you have there! It is a long time since I have
looked

looked into any. Will you please to let me open one while you write?

The Master. With all my heart, my dear.

Maurice. Hah! this is Homer. But it is in Greek. It is too hard for me. I never read it but in English.

The Master. What! have you read Homer? And what do you think of him?

Maurice. He is full of fine passages, and especially of beautiful similies. Only I wish that Achilles had not been so passionate and stubborn.

The Master. What instances of passion or stubbornness do you find in him?

Maurice. Was it well done of him to leave the Greeks in distress? Was it their fault if he quarrelled with Agamemnon? They had done *him* no wrong. Should not he have suffered himself to be persuaded, when the deputies came to make submission to him in his tent? But no, he remains immoveable as a rock. I should not have

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let

let them entreat me so long. I should have followed them at the first word.

The Master. Then you are very good-natured.

Maurice. We should be so towards all men, and especially to our countrymen. Oh! you have a Sophocles too. The tragedy of Philoctetes, I believe, is by him. I have read it in English. It is a very moving play. But I'll tell you, sir, what I liked best in it.

The Master. I should be glad to know.

Maurice. It is a young Grecian—What is this his name is?

The Master. Neoptolemus.

Maurice. Yes, yes; Neoptolemus. It is when he comes back and brings Philoctetes his bow and arrows. I think that I should have done the same. But I beg pardon, sir; perhaps my talk grows tiresome to you.

The Master. Not at all. I listen to you with pleasure. Besides, my letter is finished.

Maurice. Then, sir, I will beg you to tell
me

me what fine book of prints that is, that lies open on your desk.

The Master. It is a collection of engravings from the finest paintings in the gallery at Florence.

Maurice. That is Jupiter ; I know him.

The Master. How do you like him ?

Maurice. I like the picture very well, but not Mr. Jupiter.

The Master. Why not ?

Maurice. Because he was an odious character. I do not know how the Greeks and Romans could be such fools as to worship him. He was quite a libertine, and always quarrelling with Juno. Is that acting like a god ?

The Master. You are right. He was an improper and contemptible object of worship. However, nothing has been handed down to us concerning him but the imaginations of the vulgar ; and you know that the people has always been blind and superstitious.

Maurice. Why our peasants now-a-days

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have

have more sense. Only imagine, sir, the clergyman of a parish going into the pulpit, and preaching that God Almighty has a wife, whom he deceives and scolds every day. His parishioners would not believe a word of it.

The Master. How comes it that the vulgar are now more sensible than in former times?

Maurice. From the light of the Gospel. There every thing shews a just and good God. If I had lived in Greece, and had possessed such a book, they would never have worshipped any other than the God that we worship.

The Master. Kiss me, my fine boy; what is your name?

Maurice. Maurice Lavington.

The Master. Indeed, my dear Maurice, it would be a pity that you passed your life behind a counter. You must apply yourself to learning again.

Maurice. Ah! I should like that very well, if it was in my power.

The

The Master. I will give you my answer to Lady Abberville.

Maurice. Sir, I shall take it with pleasure. But she requests you, sir, I believe, to have the kindness to examine me.

The Master. I have done that already. I can judge of your understanding and your heart. Perhaps I may have the pleasure of contributing to procure you a more happy lot. Amuse yourself in looking over these prints, while I write my answer.

Maurice. Or rather, sir, oblige me with a pen and some paper : I will write too.

The Master. To your benefactress ?

Maurice. No, sir ; to another person.

The Master. May not I know to whom ?

Maurice. When my letter is finished, sir, you shall see it.

The Master. I long to have a view of it.
(*They both sit down. Maurice writes the following letter.*)

“ Dear Sir,

“ I THANK you a thousand times for your kindness in taking notice of me, and in writing to Lady Abberville. I should be very happy to return to my former school, where every body loves me ; but since you will be the occasion of my happiness, I shall be glad to enjoy it under your eye. If I am so lucky as to be admitted into your academy, I will love you with all my heart. I hope, I shall be diligent and well behaved, and learn every thing that you will be kind enough to teach me. I hardly dare hope that it will be so. That depends on the will of Providence, and yours. But if I remain with Mr. Durant, you will not refuse me the pleasure of coming to see you now and then, and of discoursing a little with you and reading your fine books ; otherwise I shall soon forget all that I have learned at school, and I should be sorry for that, although it be not much. I hope, dear sir, you will have the goodness to oblige me,

me, and I will let my mamma know it, to comfort her sorrows; for she is very fond of me, and I, too of her. Perhaps one day"——

The Master. Well, Maurice, is your letter finished?

Maurice. No, sir, not quite. I have more to say than you have. But there, sir, read it, such as it is.

The Master. How is this? Why it is addressed to me. Well, this is charming. No, my good little Maurice, you shall not remain at Mr. Durant's, but shall come to me, if you like it better. You will go now to Lady Abberville. Give her this note, with my humble respects, and let me know what she says of it.

Maurice. O dear! shall I be so happy!—

The Master. Go, and Heaven befriend you!

Maurice. Oh! I shall run, and be back again directly. (*Bowing to the master.*)
Your servant, sir.

Rochester.

Lady Abberville, Maurice.

Lady Abberville. Well, Maurice, do you bring me an answer?

Maurice. Yes, madam, here it is.

Lady Abber. I am curious to know what it says; nothing very favourable, I am afraid.

Maurice. Oh! nothing to my prejudice, madam, I am sure.

Lady Abber. (*reads to herself.*)

“ *Madam,*

“ You could not give me a more sensible pleasure than what I felt in the conversation of this amiable child. His looks full of ingenuous innocence, the lively spirit that appears in his eyes, and animates his discourse, have warmly attached me to him. To shine as a man of letters is more suitable to his genius, than to pursue the line to which his father's death and the poverty of his family had destined him. I congratulate you,
madam,

madam, that you chose for the object of your generosity a child of so fair hopes. Heaven seems to have thrown him in your way for that purpose. I am strongly persuaded that his behaviour and sentiments will never give you cause to repent, and shall esteem myself very happy if by my cares I can promote your generous intentions.

“ I have the honour to be, &c.”

Lady Abber. The master seems to be only half satisfied with you.

Maurice. Oh, madam, he is quite satisfied. He told me so, and I can see it in your eyes.

Lady Abber. Ay! Can you see it there, my little cunning man? But to speak seriously, if there was a person that would take the charge of your maintenance and education, what would you do for that person?

Maurice. What would I do?—I hardly know. I can do nothing of myself, but I

would pray for that person from the bottom of my heart, both day and night.

Lady Abber. Then you shall pray for me, my dear child, as for your second mother.

Maurice. Will you be my mamma?

Lady Abber. Yes, I will. Your father is dead. I will fill his place, and do every thing for you that he would. You shall go to your learning again, and nothing shall be wanting to your education.

Maurice. Oh dear! my good mamma, I can hardly speak for joy.

Lady Abber. If you love me, you will never call me any thing but mamma, remember.

Maurice. Oh! yes, mamma. I am as happy as a king.

Lady Abber. You will lose your little senses. Come, be composed, and let us take a walk in the garden. I have something to say to you of your mother.

Rochester.

Rockester.

Mr. Durant, Maurice.

Mr. Durant. Where have you been so long?

Maurice. Oh! Mr. Durant, if you knew—

Mr. Durant. Knew! I know that you should not be so long on an errand. Do not let this be the case another time. What! could not you find Lady Abberville at home?

Maurice. Yes, sir, I found her, and I found in her a second mother.

Mr. Durant. What stuff is this? Are you mad?

Maurice. No, sir; but I am going to my learning again. I shall be put to an academy in a few days, and my mamma, Lady Abberville, will come to-morrow and speak to you about it.

Mr. Durant. What, do not you chuse to stay with me, then?

Maurice. Why, sir, I like learning and study better than business.

Mr. Durant. So then, you are only come hither to go away again? You have deceived me.

Maurice. No, sir, I should be very sorry. I had not a thought of going, and could have staid here contentedly. But suppose yourself in my place for a moment. If my papa had not died, I should not have quitted school to live here. A worthy lady acts to me like a parent, and offers to put me to school again: is it a fault in me to accept her ladyship's offer?

Mr. Durant. Well, you are only upon trial here, it is true, and your choice is free. You are very right. However, I wish I had never seen you, for I began to be fond of you, and now I shall grieve to part with you. (*Goes out.*)

Maurice. Mr. Durant is something blunt, but a very worthy man. I shall be sorry to leave him and his wife and his children. But I must write to mamma. Oh! how happy will she be on reading my letter! I wish that she had it now in her hands, and
that

that I were by her side the next moment.
(*He begins to write.*)

“ *Dear Mamma,*

“ Joy! joy! you are now free from all trouble, and I too. Do not, however, let tears of joy hinder you from reading my letter. This is the story of my happiness. Mr. Durant sent me this morning to carry some fatten to Lady Abberville. Oh! an excellent lady! Ah! if you were here now! But do you know, mamma, that you are to be here before a week? she will give you an apartment in her house, and you will live with her, and I shall go to school, and shall come to see you whenever you chuse. Oh! that will be a happiness; such a happiness! You remember, for all that, how you cried when I was leaving you. You said that you kissed me, perhaps, for the last time. I hope now, you will never have that to fear again. My mamma is to send you money for the journey, for she is as much my mamma as you are, and I am very sure that you will
not

not be angry at that. All the money, however, that you receive in this parcel is not from her; there are twelve shillings from me. She gave them to me, and I send them to you. Make haste to get every thing in readiness for your journey hither; the sooner you come the happier we shall be. I have spoken so well of you to the lady, that she wishes to see you almost as much as I do. Set out, set out: I shall watch the coming of every stage, to tell you the whole story before you see her, though I suppose she tells it to you herself in the letter that she writes to you to-day. I have not time to add more, for I should be afraid that my letter would be too late if I wrote all that I have to say.

“ I am, dear mamma, &c.”

“ *Madam,*

“ How shall I find words to express to you my joy and gratitude! Gracious Heaven! my misfortunes are then at an end. I am happy and my child also, and to you
we

we owe that we are so. How shall I be able to bear so sudden an elevation from a gulph of misery to the summit of joy! I have only tears to express what I feel, and I am sorry that I cannot give you even this testimony of my gratitude personally at this moment. You have wished to be a mother, therefore you may, perhaps, form an idea of my happiness: as for me, I want words to express it, and I shall want them, perhaps, still more when I for the first time see my son placed between us both, and our arms intermingled in embracing him. But you will understand my silence, which the ardor and sincerity of my attachment to you shall perfectly explain every moment of my life.

“ I have the honour to be, &c.”

Oxford.

VANITY PUNISHED.

A DRAMA, in ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

MR. WALLER.

MRS. WALLER.

VALENTINE, *their Son.*

MR. RAY, } *Friends to Mr. Waller.*
MR. NASH, }

MICHAEL, *a country Boy.*

MARTIN, - *the Gardener.*

SCENE I. A GARDEN.

Mr. Waller, Mrs. Waller.

Mr. W. YONDER is our Valentine walking in the garden with a book in his hand. I am very much afraid that it is rather through vanity than from a real desire of improving himself, that he always appears to be busy reading.

Mrs. W. What makes you think so, my dear?

Mr.

Mr. W. Do not you remark that he casts a side-look now and then, to see if any body takes notice of him?

Mrs. W. And yet his masters give a very flattering account of his diligence, and all agree that he is very far advanced for his age.

Mr. W. That is true. But if my suspicions are right, and if the little that he can know has made him vain, I would rather a hundred times that he knew nothing and were modest.

Mrs. W. That he knew nothing?

Mr. W. Yes, my dear. A man without any great extent of knowledge, but upright, modest and industrious, is a much more estimable member of society than a learned man whose studies have turned his head and puffed up his heart.

Mrs. W. I cannot think that my son is of that description.

Mr. W. Heaven forbid! But while we are here in the country I shall have more opportunities of observing him; and I am
resolved

resolved to take advantage of the first that shall offer, to clear up my doubts. I see him coming towards us. Leave me alone with him a moment.

S C E N E II.

Mr. Waller, Valentine.

Val. (to Michael, whom he pushes back.)
No; leave me. Papa, it is that little fool of a country boy that comes always to interrupt me in my reading.

Mr. W. Why do you call that good-natured child a little fool?

Val. Why, he knows nothing.

Mr. W. Of what you have learnt, I grant you; but then he knows many things which you do not, and you may both inform each other a good deal, if you will communicate what you know, one to the other.

Val. He may learn a good deal of me, but what can I learn from him?

Mr. W. If ever you should have a farm, do you think that it would be of no service to
you

you to have an early notion of the labours of the country, to learn to distinguish trees and plants, to know the times of sowing and harvest, and to study the wonders of vegetation? Michael possesses these different parts of knowledge, and desires no better than to share them with you. They will perhaps be one day of the greatest use to you. Those, on the contrary, that you could communicate, would be of no service to him. So that you see, in this intercourse, all the advantage is on your side.

Val. Well, but papa, would it become me to learn any thing from a little country boy?

Mr. W. Why not, if he is capable of instructing you? I know no real distinction amongst men, but that of useful talents and good manners; and you must own that in both these points, he has equally the advantage over you.

Val. What, in good manners too?

Mr. W. In every station, they consist in treating all persons as our duty prescribes to

us.

us. He does so, in shewing a particular attachment and complaisance to you. Do you do the same? do you make a return of mildness and good will? And yet he seems to merit them. He is active and intelligent. I believe him to be possess'd of good-nature, spirit, and good sense. You ought to think yourself very happy in having so amiable a companion with whom you may at once amuse and improve yourself. His father is my foster-brother, and has always had a remarkable affection for me. I am pretty sure that Michael has the same for you. See how the poor little fellow hankers about the terrace-walk, to meet you. Take care and use him with civility. There is more honour and integrity in his father's cottage than in many palaces. His family too has been our tenants for some generations, and I should be glad to see the connection continued between our children.

(He goes out.)

SCENE

SCENE III.

Valentine (alone).

Yes, a fine connection indeed! I think papa is joking. This little country boy teach me any thing! No; I will surprize him now so much with my learning that he will not think of talking to me of his own, I'll warrant him.

SCENE IV.

Valentine, Michael.

Micb. You won't have my little nosegay, then, Master Valentine?

Val. Nosegay? Pshaw! neither ranunculus nor tulip.

Micb. Why, it is true, they are only field flowers, but they are pretty, and I thought you might like to know them by their names.

Val. A great matter, indeed, to know the names of your herbs. You may carry them where you found them,

Micb.

Mich. Well now, if I had known that, I would not have taken the trouble to gather them. I was resolved not to go home yesterday evening without bringing you something, and as I came back from work, though it was rather late, and I had a great mind for my supper, I stopped in our close, to gather them by the light of the moon.

Val. You talk of the moon! Do you know how big it is?

Mich. Heh! Fegs! as big as a cheese.

Val. Ignorant little clown! (*Struts with an air of importance, while Michael stands staring at him.*) Look here. (*Shewing him his book.*) This is *Telemaque*. Have you ever read it?

Mich. That is not in the Catechism: our schoolmaster never talked to me about that.

Val. No, it is none of your country books.

Mich. Nay, how should I have read it then? But, let us see it.

Val. Do not think of touching it with your dirty hands! (*Holding one of them up.*)

Where

Where did you buy these tanned leather gloves?

Mich. Anan! it is my hand, Master Valentine.

Val. The skin is so hard, that one might cut it into shoe soles.

Mich. It is not with idleness that they are grown so hard. You know how to talk very well, I dare say, and yet I would not change conditions with you. To work honestly, and offend nobody, is all that I know, and it would be no harm if you knew as much. Good bye, sir.

SCENE V.

Valentine (alone).

I think the little clown had a mind to make game of me. But I see company coming on the terrace-walk. I must put on a studious air before them. (*He sits down, seeming to read in his book with great attention.*)

SCENE

SCENE VI.

*Mr. and Mrs. Waller, Mr. Ray, Mr. Nash.
Valentine (seated on a bench on one side).*

Mr. Wal. What a fine evening! Would you chuse, gentlemen, to take a walk up this slope, to see the sun setting.

Mr. Ray. I was going to mention it. The weather is delicious, and the sky perfectly without a cloud in the west.

Mr. Nash. I shall be sorry to go far from the nightingale. Do you hear his charming melody, madam?

Mrs. Waller. I was taken up with thinking. My heart was filled with pleasure.

Mr. Ray. How can one live in town during this charming weather?

Mr. Waller. Valentine, will you walk up the slope with us, to see the sun setting?

Val. No, I thank you, papa. I am reading something here that gives me more pleasure.

Mr.

Mr. Wal. If you speak truth, I pity you, and if you do not——Come, gentlemen, there is not a moment to lose. Let us continue our walk. (*They walk forward up the hill.*)

S C E N E VII.

Valentine (*seeing them at a good distance*).

There, they are almost out of sight: I need not be under any constraint now. (*Puts the book into his pocket.*) What an opinion will these gentlemen have of my diligence! I should like to be a bird and fly after them, to hear the praises that they are giving me. (*Saunters about, yawning and listless, for near a quarter of an hour.*) I am tired, after all, of being here alone. I can do better! The fun is set now, and I hear the company returning. I will slip into the wood, and hide myself in it so, that they shall scarcely find me. Mamma will send all the servants to look for me with lights. They will talk of nothing but me all the evening, and will compare me with those great philosophers

M

that

that have been known to go astray in their learned meditations, and to lose themselves in woods. My adventure will make a fine noise! Now for it. (*He goes into the wood.*)

S C E N E VIII.

Mr. and Mrs. Waller, Mr. Ray, Mr. Nash.

Mr. Ray. I never saw weather more pleasing, nor a more charming scene.

Mr. Wal. Gentlemen, my pleasure has been doubled by my enjoying it in your company.

Mr. Nash. The nightingale too still continues his song. His voice seems even to grow more tender as night comes on. I am sorry that Mrs. Waller does not seem to listen to it with as much pleasure as before.

Mrs. W. It is because I am anxious about my son. I do not see him in the garden. (*She calls him.*) Valentine! He does not answer! (*Perceiving the gardener, she calls him.*) Martin, have you seen my son?

Martin. Yes, madam, about ten minutes ago I saw him turn towards the grove.

Mrs.

Mrs. W. Towards the grove? Bless me; if he should lose himself! Pray run after him, and bring him in.

Martin. Yes, madam. (*Goes out.*)

Mrs. W. Mr. Waller, won't you go along with him?

Mr. W. No, my dear, I am not uneasy, for my part. Martin will be able to find him.

Mrs. W. But if he should take a different way? I am frightened out of my wits!

Mr. Nash. Make yourself easy, madam. Mr. Ray and I will take the two sides of the wood, while the gardener shall take the middle. We cannot fail of finding him so.

Mrs. W. Ah! gentlemen, I did not dare to ask it of you; but you know the feelings of a mother.

Mr. W. Gentlemen, do not give yourselves so much trouble. I'd rather you would not.

Mr. Ray. You will not take it amiss that we comply with Mrs. Waller's request, rather than your's.

Mr. W. I must confess, it is against my inclination.

Mr. Nash. We will receive your reproaches at our return. (*They walk towards the grove.*)

S C E N E IX.

Mr. and Mrs. Waller.

Mrs. W. Why, my dear, whence comes this indifference about your son?

Mr. W. Do you think, my dear, that I love him less than you do? No, but I know better how to love him.

Mrs. W. And what if he could not be found?

Mr. W. I should be very glad of it.

Mrs. W. What, that he should pass the night in a gloomy wood? What would become of the poor child! and what would become of me?

Mr. W. You would both be cured; he of his vanity, and you of your injudicious fondness which keeps it up in him.

Mrs.

Mrs. W. What do you mean, my dear?

Mr. W. I am just now convinced of what I only suspected in the morning. The boy's head is filled with excessive vanity, and all his reading is but ostentation. He has only lost himself on purpose to make us look for him, and to appear absent and forgetful through intense study. It gives me more pain that his mind should wander from a right way of thinking than if his steps really went astray. He will be unhappy all his life if he is not cured of it in time, and there is nothing but a wholesome humiliation that can save him.

Mrs. W. But do you consider—

Mr. W. Yes, every thing. He is eleven years old. If he can profit any thing by his natural sense or his learning, the light of the moon and the direction of the wind may guide him sufficiently to clear the wood.

Mrs. W. But if he has not that thought?

Mr. W. He will then better see the necessity of profiting by the lessons that I have given him upon this subject. Besides, we

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Mr. W. He will then better see the necessity of profiting by the lessons that I have given him upon this subject. Besides, we

intend him for the army, and in that profession he will have many nights to pass without shelter. He will know now what it is, and not go to a camp quite raw, to be laughed at by his companions. Then the air is not very cold at this season of the year, and for one night he will not die with hunger. Since by his folly he has brought himself into a scrape, let him get out of it again, or suffer the disagreeable consequences of it.

Mrs. W. No; I cannot agree to it; and if you don't send people after him, I will go myself.

Mr. W. Well, my dear, I will make you easy, though I am sorry that you will not let me follow my plan, as I intended. I shall tell little Michael to join him, as it were by chance. Colin too shall be at a small distance, in order to run to them in case of an accident. For any thing more, do not ask it; I have taken my resolution, and do not chuse, by a blind weakness, to deprive my son of a lesson that may be of service to him.

Here

Here are our friends coming back with Martin.

Mrs. W. O heavens! I see, and they have not found him.

Mr. W. I am glad of it.

S C E N E X.

*Mr. and Mrs. Waller, Mr. Ray, and
Mr. Nash.*

Mr. Nash. Our search has been in vain; but if Mr. Waller will let us have some lights and servants—

Mr. W. No, gentlemen; you have complied with my wife's request, you will now listen to mine. I am a father, and know my duty as one. Let us go into the parlour, and I will give you an account of my design.

S C E N E XI. (*The middle of the wood.*)

Valentine. What have I done, fool that I was? It is dark night, and I don't know which way to turn. (*Calls.*) Papa! papa! Nobody answers. I am undone; what will become

of me? (*Cries.*) O mamma! where are you? Answer your son this once. Heavens! what is that running through the wood? If it should be a robber! Help! help!

S C E N E XII.

Valentine, Michael.

Michael. Who is there? Who is it that cries so? What is it you, sir? How do you happen to be here at this time of night?

Valentine. O! dear Michael, my dear friend, I have lost my way.

Mich. (*looking at him with an air of surprise, and then bursting into a laugh*). You don't say so? I your dear Michael? your dear friend? You mistake; I am only a dirty little country boy. Don't you remember? Nay, let go my hand. The skin is only fit to cut up for shoe soles.

Val. My dear friend, excuse my impertinence, and for pity's sake guide me back to our house. My mamma will pay you well.

Mich. (*looking at him from top to bottom*). Have you finished reading your Tellymack?

Val.

Val. (*looking down confused*). Ah! pray
now—

Mich. (*putting his finger to the side of his nose, and looking up*). Tell me, my little wise man, how big may the moon be just now?

Val. Nay, spare me, I beg of you, and guide me out of this wood.

Mich. You see then, master, that one may be a dirty little country boy, and yet be good for something. What would you give now to know your way, instead of knowing how big the moon is?

Val. I own my fault, and I promise never to shew any pride for the future.

Mich. Well, that is clever. But this same repenting by necessity may only hang by a thread. It is not amiss that a young gentleman should see what it is to look upon a poor man's son like a dog, and play with him according to his fancy. But to shew you that an honest clown does not bear malice, I will pass the night with you, as I have passed many a one with our sheep on the

M 5

downs..

downs. To-morrow morning early I will take you home to your papa. Here, then, I'll share my bed-chamber with you.

Val. O my good Michael!

Mich. (*stretching himself under a tree*). Come, sir, settle yourself at your ease.

Val. But where is this bed-chamber of your's?

Mich. Why, here. (*Striking on the ground*). Here is my bed; take your place. It is wide enough for us both.

Val. What, must we lie here under the open air?

Mich. I assure you, sir, the king himself has not a better bed. See what a fine cieling you have over your head; how many bright diamonds adorn it! and then our handsome silver lamp. (*Pointing to the moon*.) Well, what do you think of it?

Val. Oh! my dear Michael, I am ready to die with hunger.

Mich. I dare say I can help you there too.

See,

See, here are some potatoes. Dress them, as you know how.

Val. Why they are raw.

Mich. It is only to boil or roast them. Make a fire.

Val. We want a light to kindle one; and then where shall we find coal or wood?

Mich. (smiling). Why cannot you find all that in your books?

Val. Oh! no, my dear Michael.

Mich. Well then, I'll shew you that I know more than you and all your Tellymacks. *(Takes a tinder-box, with flint and steel; out of his pocket.)* Crack! there is fire already; now you shall see. *(He gathers a handful of dry leaves, and putting them round the tinder, fans with his hand until they take fire. We shall soon have a blazing hearth. (He puts bits of dry wood upon the lighted leaves.)* Do you see? *(Lays the potatoes close to the fire, and sprinkles them with dust.)* This must serve instead of ashes, to hinder them from burning. *(Having laid them properly and covered*

them once more with dust, he turns the fire over them, then adds fresh wood, and blows it up with his breath.) Have you a finer fire in your papa's kitchen? Come, now they will soon be done.

Val. O my good friend, what return can I make to your kindness?

Mich. Return? Pooh! when one does good, it pays itself. But stop a moment. While the potatoes are roasting, I will fetch some hay for you. I saw a good deal lying in one part of the wood. You will sleep upon that like a prince. But take care of the roast while I am away.

(Goes out singing.)

SCENE XIII.

Valentine. Fool that I was! how could I be so unjust as to despise this child! What am I, compared to him? how little I am in my own eyes, when I examine his behaviour and mine! but it shall never happen again.

Hence—

Henceforward I will not despise those of a lower condition than myself. I will not be so proud, nor so vain. (*He walks about, and gathers up dry sticks for the fire.*)

SCENE XIV.

Valentine, Michael (hauling in a large bundle of hay).

Michael. Here is your bed of down, your coverlid and all. I will make you a bed now quite soft.

Val. I thank you, my friend. I would help you, but I do not know how to set about it.

Mich. I don't want you. I can do it all alone. Go warm yourself. (*He unties the bundle, spreads part of it on the ground, and reserves the rest for a covering.*) That is finished. Now let us think of supper. (*Takes a potatoe from the fire, and tastes it.*) They are done. Eat them while they are warm, they are better so.

Val.

Val. What, won't you eat some with me?

Mich. No, thank you. There is just enough for you.

Val. How? Do you think—?

Mich. You are too kind. I won't touch them. I am not hungry. Besides, I shall have as much pleasure in seeing you eat them. Are they good?

Val. Excellent, my dear Michael.

Mich. I dare say, you never tasted sweeter at your papa's table.

Val. That is very true.

Mich. Are you done? Come then, your bed is ready for you. *Valentine lies down.*

Michael spreads the rest of the hay over him, then takes off his jacket.) The nights are cold; here, cover yourself with this too. If you find yourself chilly, come to the fire; I'll take care that it does not go out. Good night.

Val. Dear Michael, I shall never be easy until I make you amends for my treating you ill.

Mich.

VANITY PUNISHED. 255

Mich. Think no more of it; I do not. The lark will awake us to-morrow morning at break of day. (*Valentine falls asleep, and Michael sits up close by him to keep the fire in. At break of day Michael awakes him.*) Come, master, you have slept enough. The lark has opened her song already, and the sun will soon appear behind the hill. Let us set out, and go to your papa's.

Val. (*rubbing his eyes*). What, already? so soon? Good morning, my dear Michael.

Mich. Good morning, Master Valentine. How did you sleep?

Val. (*rising*). As sound as a rock. Here is your jacket. I thank you a thousand, thousand times. I shall never forget you as long as I live.

Mich. Do not talk of thanks. I am as happy as you. Come, walk along with me. I'll guide you. (*They go off.*)

SCENE

SCENE XV.

(A room in Mr. Waller's House.)

Mr. and Mrs. Waller.

Mrs. W. In what terrors have I passed this whole night ! I fear, my dear, that some accident has happened to him. We must send out people to look for him.

Mr. W. Make yourself easy, my love ; I will go myself. But who knocks ? *(The door opens.)* Look, here he is.

SCENE XVI.

Mr. and Mrs. Waller, Valentine, Michael.

Mrs. W. (running to her son). Ah ! do I see thee again, my dear child ?

Micb. Yes, madam, there he is, ifeys ! a little better, mayhap, than before you lost him.

Mr. W. Is that the case ?

Val.

Val. Yes, papa. I have been well punished for my pride. What will you give him that has reformed me?

Mr. W. A good reward, and with the greatest cheerfulness.

Val. (*presenting Michael to him*). Well, this is he to whom you owe it. I owe him my friendship too, and he shall always share it.

Mr. W. If that is so, I'll make him a little present every year of a couple of guineas, for curing you of so intolerable a fault.

Mrs. W. And I will make him one of the same sum, for having preserved my son to me.

Mich. If you pay me for the satisfaction that you feel, I should pay you too for what I felt. So we are clear.

Mr. W. No, my little man, we shall not run from our words. But let us go to breakfast all four. Valentine shall relate his adventures of the night.

Val.

Val. Yes, papa; and I shall not spare myself, though I should be turned into ridicule for them. I blush for my folly, but hope that I shall never have to blush for the same behaviour again.

Mr. W. My dear son, how happy you will make your mother and me by proving that your reformation is sincere, and will never suffer a relapse!

(Valentine takes Michael by the hand; Mr. Waller gives his to his lady, and they all go into the next apartment.)

THE SEPARATION.

LETTER I.

MADAM,

THIS address, perhaps, will cause you some surprize; or possibly you may have looked for such a greeting.—I, for my part; find it necessary; and, of course, without other preface, I pass to the subject which extorts this letter from me.

You may remember, there was once a time when I sincerely loved you, and when you appeared to merit my affection. That time is past. You have found out an object worthier of your love than I am. Since you act from the idea of promoting your felicity by such a preference, I don't wish to thwart you.—We are free.—Retire where you think fit, while I live where I please. I grant you a week's time to make your choice. Respecting our three children, you may be at peace on their account. Their
mother,

mother, after her behaviour, must no longer have the least communication with them; and whenever I think fit to make enquiry, I shall find some governess who will not be wholly unqualified to bring them up according to their birth. Receive for ever my adieu. Enjoy in peace your new condition, and endeavour to blot out the remembrance of that man, who formerly was proud to shew himself your loving husband, but is now no more than, &c.

WILLIAM BARRYMORE.

LETTER II.

SIR,

I SHOULD in vain endeavour to describe the different emotions raised within my soul, by the perusal of your letter. You resolve a separation shall take place between us. If when we were first united, any one had told me all our mutual vows would come to this, I should not certainly have been persuaded it was possible. In my misfortunes, I have still one consolation left

left me; namely, that my conscience clears me of reproach. I will make no effort to convince you of my innocence, and your injustice. It is a cruel step, sir, to take all my children from me. I may think, the mother who first gave them life in anguish, has a greater title to them than a father. Farewel, and be at all times happy, most unjust, yet dearest husband.

ELIZA BARRYMORE.

SCENE I.

Mrs. Barrymore, Harriet, Theresa, Caroline.

Harriet. Here we are, mamma.

Mrs. Barrymore. Come hither, my dear children. Sit down by me; I have something to tell you.

Harriet. Why do you cry? what is the matter, dear mamma?

Theresa. I have done nothing, that I know of, to displease you.

Caroline. Nor I either, dear mamma.

The Children (while their mother cannot speak

Speak for tears). Mamma! dear, dear mamma!

Mrs. Barrymore (*restraining her tears*). Don't be uneasy, my sweet children. Don't cry thus, or you will distract me.

Harriet. Wherefore did you cry yourself then, first of all? Why did you weep so yesterday? and every day since the receipt of my papa's last letter?

Mrs. Barrymore. Don't ask me, my poor girl! All I can inform you of at present, children, is, that I am forced to leave you on the morrow early.

Theresa. And you don't intend to take me then this time, as I was promised?

Mrs. Barrymore. I wish I could, my life; and not you only, but your sisters likewise; but it is not in my power.

Harriet. At least, mamma, I hope you mean returning very soon.

Theresa. And won't you bring me something pretty?

Caroline. And me too?

Harriet.

Harriet. What, sisters! can you see how sad mamma is, and yet think of asking her for play-things?—If I durst—

Mrs. Barrymore. Well; what, my dearest Harriet?

Harriet (bursting into tears anew). You will never come back to us. You are always sorrowful when you are quitting us; but you never wept so much as now, when you were going on a little journey.

Mrs. Barrymore. Don't alarm yourself, Harriet. In about six weeks I shall come back and see you.

Theresa. Six weeks! and what are we to do so long, without you?

Mrs. Barrymore. Dear child, you wound my heart; I have grieved enough already at the thought of parting with you. Pray be comforted. We shall see one another very soon.

Harriet (clinging round her neck). Oh, if it were true!

Mrs. Barrymore. I promise you, we shall; and never yet deceived you. Take care
of

of your health, dear babes, till I return.
(*She embraces one after the other.*) Harriet and Theresa, you that are the eldest, take what care you can that nothing happens to poor little Caroline.—Farewel, farewel!
(*She forces herself from them, and goes out; while they stand motionless with grief, and utter doleful cries.*)

L E T T E R III.

TO LADY LAMBERT.

Dear and worthy friend,

I SEND you my three girls, and earnestly conjure you to bestow your tenderest care upon them, so that they may find a second mother in you. After the deplorable event that has deprived them of the mother who first gave them life, I look upon it as a special blessing that your ladyship so generously condescends to superintend their education. There is one particular I cannot recommend sufficiently to your attention; namely, the selection of a proper governess. I am not without hope that in

so elegant a place as Bath, you will be able to procure some woman of a suitable behaviour, with sense sufficient, and knowledge to bring up my children as I wish. It would highly please me, if your ladyship would charge my eldest daughter Harriet with the general correspondence that will be between us; as by such means, she will come herself betimes to write correctly, and express herself with some degree of ease. 'Tis in your power to render more supportable the great misfortune I have undergone, and give me in my children all the joy of which their mother has deprived me. In reality, I cherish such a hope within me, to drive out the uneasiness that otherwise would overwhelm me; and subscribe myself, with every sentiment of gratitude, esteem, and friendship,

Yours, &c.

WILLIAM BARRYMORE.

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SCENE

S C E N E II.

Mrs. Barrymore, Ruth (the maid), and Joseph (her footman).

Joseph (entering). Here's my lady Harbord's answer, madam, with her compliments.

Mrs. Barrymore. That's well ! Is Obadiâh in the house ? Bid him come up. (*Having read the letter.*) I've succeeded then.—Thank Heaven !—(*To her maid.*) Here, Ruth : 'tis meant for you.

Ruth (reading). “ I'm quite happy, madam, to receive the chambermaid you recommend me. One, of whom you speak so very handsomely, must be a valuable servant ; and I thank you for the preference you have afforded me on this occasion. She may come whenever she thinks fit.”

Ruth (giving back the letter with a trembling hand). Alas, my dearest mistress ! what have I then done, that you are sending
ing

ing me away? In what have I deserved dismissal?

Mrs. Barrymore. You have not deserved it, my poor Ruth. You have, at all times, been a duteous girl, and if, in future, Providence should otherwise dispose my lot, I will have none but you to wait upon me. But at present, 'tis impossible you should continue with me any longer. We must part. Be comforted. You will be, with Lady Harbord, no less happy than you were with me, as I have recommended you to her protection in a very earnest manner. Take this little present as a token of remembrance; and, when you have got all your things together, I will once more see you.

Ruth (wringing her hands). And must I quit you then, my dearest lady? No; I cannot live without you.

Mrs. Barrymore. Let me beg, dear Ruth, if you love me, not to hurt my mind at present with your lamentations: leave me to myself.

Ruth (going out). My worthiest mistress !

Obadiab (entering with Joseph). Do you want me, madam ? Are you going out this morning ?

Mrs. Barrymore. Wait a little, Obadiab. (*To Joseph.*) Joseph, how much may be coming to you ?

Joseph. Only for a quarter, madam.

Mrs. Barrymore. There it is, besides a half year more ; that you may have a trifle to subsist on till you get another place, as my affairs oblige me to leave home. I have been pleased with your behaviour in my service, and drawn up this character, which you may shew, wherever you apply to get employment. Farewel, and God be with you. (*Joseph quits the room with sorrow.*)

Obadiab. Ah ! my dear good lady ! I would fain believe my turn's not coming.

Mrs. Barrymore. 'Tis with great reluctance I inform you we must quit each other.

Obadiab. What, I quit you, madam ! I, that saw you born, and followed you, when you were married, from your father's ! I, whom

whom you considered as a portion of your dowry, and declared you did so; will you send me off, when I have been so many years your servant?

Mrs. Barrymore. Obadiah, you may easily believe me, when I say this parting cannot but afflict me. But you see I have dismissed my maid and footman, and may judge I cannot have occasion for a coachman.

Obadiab. Not have occasion! Are my master's affairs in disorder then? I have wherewithal to feed your horses many years to come; your bounty gave it me. Let me die then in my feat, and still continue with you.

Mrs. Barrymore. Such a proof of your attachment cannot but affect me, and I feel it at my heart; but be comforted. Your master manages his fortune as a man of prudence should do; and his wife is not in want of any thing: in proof of which, I give you my three horses, and a trifle every year to live on.

Obadiab. For me, dear mistress! What employment shall I put your bounty to? I should but die the sooner, after I had it, of grief for having lost the worthy giver of it. Never, therefore—

Mrs. Barrymore. I insist on your acceptance of it. I would willingly be happy in the thought of having given you peace and comfort for the rest of your old age. Go, then, my friend: you will distress me, should you stay a minute longer.

Obadiab. Let me wish you then, at least, a thousand blessings. I am old; yet were I younger, should not have sufficient time to weep for having lost you.

THE RECONCILEMENT.

SCENE I.

Lady Lambert, and Mrs. Barrymore (under the feigned name of Williamson, and in disguise).

Mrs. Barrymore. Pardon me, good lady, the liberty of this intrusion. I have been informed you want a governess for three young ladies. Though I'm far from thinking I have all the necessary qualifications for such an arduous undertaking, yet the situation I am in, induces me to beg you would have so much goodness as to make a trial of me.

Lady Lambert. May I ask you, madam, who are you? and what your name is?

Mrs. Barrymore. Williamson, please your ladyship: I am the unhappy widow of a man I loved, and still love better than myself. In the affliction that befalls me, I

should look upon it as a consolation, could I fill my time up with the education of your little ladies. I desire no salary, I am above the possibility of want. 'Tis only an employment I request, to drive away the thought of my misfortunes.

Lady Lambert. So affecting is your motive, that it interests me in your favour. You have then no children, madam?

Mrs. Barrymore (with emotion). I had three, that constituted all my hope and satisfaction; but, alas! my cruel fortune has deprived me of them.

Lady Lambert. I sincerely pity you with all my heart! You seem a very tender mother; and deserve they should have lived to recompense your feeling and affection.

Mrs. Barrymore (with a sigh). Ah, my lady! they are still, still living. But, on that account, (however strange my story) not less lost to me. (*She weeps.*)

Lady Lambert. I cannot comprehend you, madam; this conversation is in some sort like a vision. Though you do not think
me

me worthy of your confidence, I feel within me a desire to give you mine. I'll bring you in the three young ladies.

Mrs. Barrymore (in transport). O my noble benefactress! 'Tis impossible I should contain my joy! I have your promise then?

Lady Lambert. Yes, madam.

Mrs. Barrymore. Thank heaven and you then I have again recovered my three children.

Lady Lambert. Your three children, madam! What three children?

Mrs. Barrymore. Those your Ladyship has undertaken to protect, the three Miss Barrymores. You see before you their unhappy, yet guiltless mother, whom her spouse has parted from them. I have disguised my name and circumstances, to procure an introduction to my children.

Lady Lambert (embracing her). O, most affectionate, but yet courageous woman! Could it possibly have come into my head, that Mrs. Barrymore was hid beneath this sorrowful disguise?

Mrs. Barrymore. Only aid me while I personate my part. As soon as the deception is established once, it will support itself. I should be quite without anxiety on that head, if it were not for my eldest daughter, Harriet. She, I am afraid, will know me. I must persevere, however, in the pious imposition.

Lady Lambert. I can bear no longer this affecting scene, but will be gone, and bring you in the children. (*She goes out, and returns with Harriet and her sisters; who all curtsy to Mrs. Barrymore, considering her from head to foot, with great attention and embarrassment.*)

Lady Lambert. My dear little ladies, this gentlewoman I have pitched on to be with you as your governess.

Harriet (falling into her arms). 'Tis our mamma! 'tis she herself!

Theresa and Caroline. Mamma! mamma! You are returned then? (*They all cling to her, with repeated kisses; but she keeps up a reserved and serious countenance.*)

Theresa.

Theresa. And have you brought me any thing?

Caroline. Ay, where's the doll you promised me, mamma? Pray let me have it.

Mrs. Barrymore. My dear little ladies, I am sorry you are all in such an error. I your mother! You well know she is a great way off.

Harriet. No, no; you are our dear mamma. We cannot be deceived.

Mrs. Barrymore. Is it possible I should resemble your mamma so much?

Lady Lambert. Come, good madam, you must be what they would have you; and since they resolve to call you mother, take that name upon you: it will give them pleasure.

Mrs. Barrymore. Well, my dear young ladies, if you wish to make me your mamma, I wish it likewise; and will have as much affection for you, as if I really were so. My dear Harriet, and my dear Theresa, and my dear, sweet, little Caroline. (*She embraces them with transport.*)

Harriet. How happy we are all, in having our mamma again! We thought continually of you, and did hardly any thing but cry since first you left us.

Mrs. Barrymore (whispering Lady Lambert). I foresaw that Harriet would discover me, and therefore I must make her of my party. Take away then, if you can, her sisters, for a moment, my good lady.

Lady Lambert (whispering Mrs. Barrymore). Yes, I understand you.—(*To Theresa and Caroline.*) Come, my little angels, and I'll let you have the play-things your mamma, as you would have her called, has brought you. (*She goes out with Theresa and Caroline.*)

Mrs. Barrymore. We are now alone, dear Harriet; and without fear, I may press you to my heart.

Harriet (falling into her arms). Ah, now you are my good mamma, indeed!

Mrs. Barrymore. My dearest Harriet; there's one thing I insist on.

Harriet. Oh, any thing you please, mamma.

Mrs.,

Mrs. Barrymore. If then you love me, Harriet, don't tell any one I am your mother. Call me only Mrs. Williamson, you understand. 'Tis necessary I should be unknown.

Harriet. How would you have me cease to call you my mamma? you that I love so much?

Mrs. Barrymore. And do you think my love considers it less painful, to deny myself the only name that can at all times make me happy?

Harriet. Well then, I obey; but every time it comes not from my lips, when I am speaking to you, think I have it in my heart.

L E T T E R I.

Dear Papa,

I HAVE so many things to write, that I cannot tell with which I should begin my letter. We are now no longer at the house of Lady Lambert, but removed to Mrs. Williamson's, our governess's house; 'tis in the Circus, and a very pleasant situation.

You

You can't possibly conceive how happy we are all of us in being with her. She loves us just as if we were her children, and we love her also just as if she were our mother! There's no need of laying out your money to have masters come and teach us; she herself knows every thing we ought to learn. You would imagine she considered it her happiness to teach us; and she does it in so kind a way, that we are all delighted with instruction at her hands. Theresa and the little Caroline already read quite charmingly, so much attention Mrs. Williamson has paid them! As for me, I have begun a course of geography and history with her; this, together with a little cyphering, and a few choice pieces both in verse and prose, that I take care to learn by heart, employs our morning. In the afternoon, for recreation sake, I go to drawing, dancing and the harpsichord; and when the evening comes, sit down and take my needle, at the use of which you can't imagine Mrs. Williamson's great cleverness: and lastly,

THE RECONCILEMENT. 279

to complete myself in cyphering, and acquire a little knowledge of the expences of a house, she gives me all the bills to overlook, and makes me set down every little sum of money she lays out.

These, dear papa, are our amusements and our studies here; to which if you add our walks about the place, our visits to a few poor people near us, whom we now and then assist with left-off clothes and money, and our labours in a little garden, where we tend our flowers, you have the history of our time at large. We never were so well in health as now, and never in our lives so happy. If you would only take a little journey down to Bath, I would give every thing I have that you might see this Mrs. Williamson. Oh! come, come, papa! My governess desires me to present you her respects. Theresa's duty to you, and mine also. I am, &c.

HARRIET BARRYMORE.

LET.

L E T T E R II.

*To Mr. Barrymore.**Sir,*

You certainly remember what you have often said you would submit to, if a woman could be found completely fit to undertake the education of a child, except it were her mother. I have met with one, whose qualities are even greater than your wishes, for the education of your children; and with justice I might claim the full performance of your promise, and expect you should set out for Rome upon your head. However, lay aside your fears; I won't abuse my power, but claim one sole condition of you, or request rather, as a friend, and that is, to come down as soon as possibly you can. Don't ask what reason I can have for this abrupt request, as you shall know it when you're here.

Yours, faithfully,

HORTENSIA LAMBERT.

LET-

LETTER III.

To Lady Lambert.

My dear and valuable friend,

I PAY obedience to your letter, and leave town immediately, as you enjoin me; so that this reply will not have reached you half a dozen hours before you see me. In reality, I wish to have it go beforehand, and in some sort spare my tongue the shame and trouble of revealing what it is to tell you. Know, my lady, I have shewn myself the most unjust and cruel of all husbands! I have dared disparage the unspotted virtue of my Emilia with my scandalous suspicions. One of my relations, a young man I patronized, was on the point of being utterly disgraced among his brother officers, for certain youthful levities he durst not make me privy to, acquainted as he was with my impatient temper. It was she who, with the fruits of her œconomy, delivered him from the
dis-

dishonour he was plunging into, and preserved my character, which would have suffered in the wreck of his. I have discovered very recently this motive for those secret interviews that so disturbed my mind, and cannot help cursing my detested suspicions. Farewel! I dare not sign a name my jealousy has made so criminal.

S C E N E II.

Lady Lambert, Mr. Barrymore, Harriet, Theresa, and Caroline.

Harriet. Well, papa, so you are pleased with what we have told you?

Theresa. And think us very much improved?

Mr. Barrymore. Yes, yes, my children, I am charmed with every thing I have seen! But where's your worthy governess? I want to see and thank her.

Lady Lambert. Harriet, take your sisters out, and bid your governess come hither by herself. (*Harriet goes out.*) I hope
you

you will be pleased with her, as I am. Here she comes : I'll leave you with her. (*She goes out.*)

(*Mrs. Barrymore comes in, but with a trembling step ; and Mr. Barrymore advances towards her.*) Madam, let me ask your pardon !—But—whose features do I see ?—And who is this ?

Mrs. Barrymore. Well, sir, what causes this confusion ! Are you sorry I have got the care and education of your children ?

Mr. Barrymore. Sorry ! Nothing in you ever should have made me wonder, had I but deserved the happiness of knowing you—Emilia ! My Emilia !

Mrs. Barrymore. Why bestow that name upon me ?—I have put it off.

Mr. Barrymore. You have, indeed ; and therefore, kneeling at your feet, I shall implore you to resume it. (*He falls upon his knees before her.*)

Mrs. Barrymore. What would you do, sir ?

Mrs. Barrymore. If you would not behold

hold me die,—one word!—one single word!
one of those sweetly sounding accents that
were wont to make me happy!

Mrs. Barrymore. Well, then, dearest
husband, rise, and come to the embrace of
your Emilia, who still loves you.

Mr. Barrymore. 'Tis too much!—too
much!—I ask not such a blessing!—Tell
me only you have ceased to hate me.

Mrs. Barrymore. It should be my pu-
nishment to ask your pardon, could such
hatred ever come into my heart. Speak
only of *my* happiness: I think of nothing
in the world but *yours*. Come then, and
let us both be happy in the conversation of
our children.

THE ETERNAL DIVORCE.

LETTER I.

To Lady Lambert.

Dear and worthy Lady,

I LEAVE Bath with every sense of gratitude those services I have experienced from your friendship can inspire, and fly towards London, where I mean to furnish a new house for my Emilia. She designs to follow me some few days hence, and bring the children with her : I hope your ladyship will also come and take your portion in the happiness you have restored to, &c.

William Barrymore.

LETTER II.

Dear Spouse,

INSTEAD of seeing me, or any of the children, you will have a letter full of tears and lamentation. On the morrow after your departure,

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departure, Harriet and Theresa, all at once, complained of being attacked with such a head-ache, that they could not possibly keep up. Towards evening, Caroline made just the same complaint. All three are now covered quite over with a very thick small-pox of such a sort as I am told is very virulent. I must forget I never had this dreadful malady myself. All night, as well as day, I keep my situation by their bed, and every moment fear they will be suffocated. I have felt already, in myself, a lassitude and heat in every limb; but my affection makes me stronger than I should be otherwise. Their love and tenderness sustain my courage. In the delirium of their fever, they do nothing but pronounce your name and mine, with tones of voice so moving, that one cannot possibly express them.—

Arm yourself with resolution, my dear spouse; our life in this world is but, as it were, a moment. I find my strength forsakes me. I am seized all over with a mortal pain. I hear Theresa groan, and must go

to

to her succour. Farewel, dearest spouse ;
take hope ; or arm yourself with fortitude of
mind in this distress, as possibly it may be
needful. But particularly, whether life or
death ensue, love always your

Emilia Barrymore.

LETTER III.

To Mr. Barrymore.

Dear Friend,

How shall I express the melancholy news,
of which you must be, notwithstanding its
unwelcomeness, acquainted ! Try, if you are
able, to divine the matter ; for my trembling
hand demurs to write it. Caroline still
lives ; but, as for Harriet and Theresa—
they alas ! are in the land of spirits. Your
unhappy wife, as you may easily suppose,
was overwhelmed beneath this two-fold loss.
Believe me, my dear friend, when I protest
I would have bought her life, could I have
done so, with the half of mine : but what
avail these empty wishes ? I can keep the
fatal

fatal secret hid no longer. At this moment they are ringing for her funeral. She was not able to survive her children many hours. I did not leave her bed a moment, and shall find it difficult to represent her fortitude and resignation to God's will. Read the inclosed, of which she wrote herself the two first lines, and with a faltering accent dictated the rest. I join my voice to her's; and in the ardour of my friendship, turn your recollection on the child still left you. Her endearing manner will console your bosom, and her education occupy your mind, which otherwise might yield to painful recollections. God be with you! I regret that nothing but condolence is at present what I have to give you.

Yours, *Hortensia Lambert.*

LETTER IV.

Dearest Spouse,

I FIND myself expiring. I am going to my children, who, I imagine to myself, hold
out

out their arms that I should follow them ;
and we shall rest together in one tomb.
Caroline is left to represent me. Shew
her all your tenderness. Be her sup-
port ; and may *she* prove your consolation !
Think not of my loss. What I was in this
life, I will still continue in another, namely,

Your *Emilia.*

THE LINNETS.

I HOLD it fast, this linnet's nest,
With one, two, three, four young ones in it :
Long did I watch you, without rest,
But pris'ners made you in a minute.

Cry, little rebels, as you please,
And flap your wings ; in vain you'll find it !
O ! you can't get away with ease ;
So stay here with me, and ne'er mind it.

But, don't I hear their mother's cries,
Utter'd, since in this state she found them ?
Yes ; and their father likewise flies,
Sadly complaining, round and round them.

O

And

And shall I cause them so much pain,
That us'd to come last spring, and hear them
Under an oak pour down their strain,
While the whole grove was music near them?

Alas! if from my mother I
Were violently to be parted,
I know, with sorrow she would die,
Or, if she liv'd, live broken-hearted.

Should I then prove so hard, sad pair,
As from your nest to separate you?
No; I'll not doom you to despair!
Take back your young then, here they wait
you.

Teach them, in some o'er-arching glade,
Round you from morn till night to hover,
Learning to harmonize the shade,
Throat answering throat, and lover lover.

So will I come and sit, next year,
With the first dawn, till day's descending,
Under the oak, and feast my ear
While their soft notes are sweetly blending.

THE CARE OF PROVIDENCE.

A SONNET.

THE mother's tender heart, round whom
 Her children throng in youthful bloom,
 With love and transport overflows,
 Such as a mother only knows,
 What time her light descending hand
 Gently taps one with action bland;
 Another to her heart's close folds,
 Inmate already there, she holds.
 A third climbs joyous on her knee;
 While pleas'd the little thing to see,
 Her hand assists, and with a smile
 Kissing, she pays the arduous toil.
 Her foot, held out to serve as chair,
 Dandles a fourth when seated there;
 So too the rest, if more there be,
 Round her, close cling her progeny.

She reads all written in their eyes,
 Their looks, caresses, smiles and sighs,
 These speaking from the heart, declare
 The thousand little wishes there.
 Their prattle all at once is heard,
 And she replies without a word;

For smiles alone are her reply :
 While joyous they stand prating by.
 Yet if it chance, a word amiss,
 A quarrel for the envied kifs,
 Or aught unfit to hear or view,
 Among the little ones ensue,
 A brow dissatisfied she takes,
 Yet soon the low'ring storm there breaks ;
 And while ev'n gloom o'ercasts her mien,
 That she's a mother 'tis well seen.

In this, so obvious to man's sense,
 We see God's wond'rous providence,
 That from the stores of heavenly grace,
 Pours gifts on all the human race.
 The rich, in fortune's lap high fed,
 The poor beneath their lowly shed,
 All on her smile subsist, and share
 The blessings of her guardian care.
 She knows their need, she hears their cry,
 And views them with a mother's eye:
 To none, among her children, blind,
 But scattering gifts on all mankind.
 Let none then, with presumptuous sense,
 Dare tax the rule of Providence
 With rigorous or even partial views ;
 If for a season she refuse

Some

THE TWO APPLE-TREES. 293

Some blessing, to their heart thought dear,
As if averse their prayer to hear :
For their soul's good, God's gracious will
Seems to subject them thus to ill,
That thro' affliction's rigid ways,
They may attain fair Virtue's praise.
Or rather, for such love we find
In his compassionating mind,
When he vouchsafes them, or denies,
No less beneficent he is than wise.

THE TWO APPLE-TREES.

A RICH husbandman had two sons,
the one exactly a year older than the
other. The very day the second was born,
he had set in the entrance of his orchard two
young apple-trees equal in size, which he
had since cultivated with the same care, and
which had thriven so equally, that nobody
could give the preference to either of them
before the other. When his children were

capable of handling garden tools, he took them, one fine spring day, to see those two trees which he had planted for them, and called after their names; and when they had sufficiently admired their fine growth, and the number of blossoms that covered them, he said, "You see, children, I give you these trees in good condition. They will thrive as much by your care as they will lose by your negligence, and their fruit will reward you in proportion to your labour."

The youngest, named Edmund, was indefatigable in his attention. He was all day busy in clearing his tree of insects that would have hurt it, and he propped up its stem to hinder it from taking an ugly bent. He loosened the earth all round it, that the warmth of the sun and the moisture of the dews might cherish its roots. His mother had not tended him more carefully in his infancy, than he did his young apple-tree.

His brother Moses did none of all this. He spent his time on a mount that was hard by, throwing stones from it at passengers in the road.

road. He went amongst all the little country boys in the neighbourhood, to box with them, so that he was always seen with broken shins and black eyes, from the blows and kicks that he received in his quarrels. He neglected his tree so far, in short, that he never once thought of it, till one day in autumn he by chance saw Edmund's tree so full of apples, streaked with purple and gold, that, were it not for the props which supported its branches, the weight of its fruit must have bent it to the ground. Struck with the sight of so fine a growth, he ran to his own, hoping to find as large a crop on it; but what was his surprize, when he saw nothing but branches covered with moss, and a few yellow leaves! Quite angry and jealous, he went to his father, and said, "Father, what sort of a tree is this that you have given me? It is as dry as a broomstick, and I shall not have ten apples on it. But my brother!—Oh! you have used him better. Bid him at least share his apples with me."—"Share with you? said his father: so the industrious

industrious would lose his labour to feed the idle. Take what you get; it is the reward of your negligence, and do not think to accuse me of injustice, when you see your brother's rich crop. Your tree was as fruitful, and in as good order as his. It bore as many blossoms, and grew in the same soil; only it had not the same usage. Edmund has kept his tree clear of even the smallest insects; you have suffered them to eat up yours in its blossom. As I do not chuse to let any thing which God has given me, and for which I hold myself accountable to him, go to ruin, I take this tree from you again, and call it no more by your name. It must pass through his hands to recover itself, and is his property from this moment, as well as the fruit that he shall make it bear. You may go and look for another in my nursery, and rear it, if you will, to make amends for your fault: but if you neglect it, that too shall belong to your brother, for assisting me in my labour."

Moses felt the justice of his father's sentence,

THE TWO APPLE-TREES. 297

tence, and the wisdom of his design. He went that moment, and chose in the nursery the most thriving young apple-tree that he could find. Edmund assisted him with his advice in rearing it, and Moses did not lose a moment. He was never out of humour now with his comrades, and still less with himself, for he applied chearfully to work, and in autumn he saw his tree fully answer his hopes. Thus he had the double advantage of enriching himself with a plentiful growth of fruit, and at the same time of getting rid of the vicious habits that he had contracted.

His father was so well pleased with this change, that the following year he shared the produce of a small orchard between him and his brother.

OLD LAWRENCE.

*From Anthony to Esther.**Dear Esther,*

I HAVE dismal news to tell you! Our good friend, the kindly-hearted Lawrence, is no more. You recollect he had been out of order ever since last autumn. For a fortnight past he had not left his room. Last Monday evening, when I came from school, they told me he had died that afternoon. I could not, I assure you, keep from crying bitterly. His long indisposition had before-hand rendered him much dearer to me. I employed the time I had to spare from school, in doing him whatever service I was able. After all, alas! I owed him more than I had time and means to pay. He was our friend, and, I may add too, benefactor from the cradle. In our earliest childhood, we lived more a great deal in his arms than on our feet. He was at no time out of temper, but for ever kind and chearful. How delighted was he, when he had it in his power to get us any novel pleasure, or disguise an old one, so that we might think it new! I verily believe, that all his pain in dying was, that death prevented him from being any longer useful to us. He had been of older standing in the family than our papa, and though he was no better than a common servant, every body looked upon him with a sort of veneration. During his last illness no one paid a visit here without enquiring: And how fares the good old Lawrence? I could see the question was agreeable to my papa, who always looked on Lawrence as a very faithful friend. If so, no wonder then not only that he kept him in old age, but gave him every
 fort

fort of comfort he could want. A gentleman could not have been more comfortably situated or provided for. Last night, when he was buried, I desired papa would give me his permission to be present at the ceremony. He could not, without some difficulty, grant me such a favour, fearing it might have a bad effect upon me. But he saw I should have suffered more from being absent. I accompanied the body therefore, holding up a corner of the pall. I thought by such an office done him, we were still attached to one another, and that really in some sort I possessed him still. When I was forced to quit my hold, my hand was just as if it had been numbed, and did not without difficulty open: but if this was mournful, it was much more melancholy when they let him down into the grave, and principally when they filled it up. I could not take my eyes off from the spot. Till then I could not be persuaded Death had wholly separated us. As long as I could see his coffin, there remained still something of him; but when this remainder disappeared, 'twas then I felt I had for ever lost him. All night long I thought I saw him in a dream: his ghost by no means frightened me; it seemed to smile upon me, and I rushed into its arms. I passed this morning in my chamber all alone, and was employed in writing you this letter. I designed to send you but a line or two, whereas my subject has extended while I spoke of Lawrence. Our good friend is come to see me: Mr. Hutton, I suppose, you know I mean; that venerable worthy man, who takes so much delight in giving children pleasure when he cannot do them good: and he has left me an exceedingly pathetic story of a servant woman, who worked hard to keep her mistress after she was fallen into poverty. Indeed I found it so exceedingly pathetic, that I set immediately about transcribing it, and send you a fair copy, since the reading it may be a solace to you, as it was to me. At every act of friendship Elspy was concerned in, I cried
out

out, this Lawrence would have done for us, had we been in the situation of the lady. Ah, poor Lawrence! Ah, my good friend Lawrence!—Fare you well, dear sister; I must here conclude my letter, being sent for down by my papa to entertain him, gloomy as I am myself. Assure my aunt and uncle I respect them, and let each have two sweet kisses, which they'll place to my account. We've had a loss in Lawrence, which we cannot possibly make up for, but by loving one another more sincerely. Farewell then once more. From him, who with a fuller heart of friend and brother, signs himself yours

Anthony.

F I N I S.

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